The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 37 NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1950

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 37 OCTOBER 1950 No. 10

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Crisis in Constitutionalism ..... G. Homer Durham 652
President George F. Richards ..... Joseph Fielding Smith 661

FICTION

Home Is Where You Make It ..... Olive Woolley Burt 663
White September — Chapter 2 ..... Ezra J. Poulsen 677
You Can Learn ..... Katherine Kelly 683

GENERAL FEATURES

Sixty Years Ago 672
Woman's Sphere ..... Romona W. Cannon 673
Editorial: The Quest for Peace ..... Marianne C. Sharp 674
Notes to the Field: Request for Copies of "The Woman's Exponent" 676
Relief Society Handbook Available 676
Wells Stake Completes Unique Map Project 682
Notes From the Field. Socials, Bazaars, and Other Activities ..... General Secretary-Treasurer, Margaret C. Pickering 687
From Near and Far 720

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

American Pottery and Porcelain — Part II ..... Rachel K. Laurgaard 668
On Being One's Best Self ..... Caroline Eyring Miner 686

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: "The Resurrection and the Ascension" ..... Don B. Colton 696
Visiting Teacher Messages: "For What Shall It Profit a Man?" ..... Mary Grant Judd 702
Work Meeting: Slipcovers and Dressing Table Skirts ..... Christine H. Robinson 703
Literature: Richard Steele and Joseph Addison ..... Briant S. Jacobs 705
Social Science: Evil Forces in the World ..... Archibald F. Bennett 711
Music: The Accompanist, Her Responsibility, Efficiency, and Art ..... Florence J. Madsen 715

POETRY

October — Frontispiece ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 651
The Living Bread ..... Margaret B. Shomaker 660
When I Leave ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 660
After the Harvest ..... Leone E. McCune 671
Pioneer ..... Beatrice Knowlton Ekman 671
Songs of Gladness ..... Grace B. Wilson 671
Once Again ..... Grace M. Candland 675
October Winds ..... Rose Thomas Graham 675
Enchantment in Oils ..... Elaine Swain 675
October Is Forever ..... Lizabeth Wall 676
Keepers of the Hearth ..... Ruth Harwood 682
October Song ..... Marvin Jones 686
Autumn Day ..... Christie Lund Coles 718
Katydids ..... Evelyn Fjeldsted 718
Storm Warning ..... Virginia Ellis Newman 719

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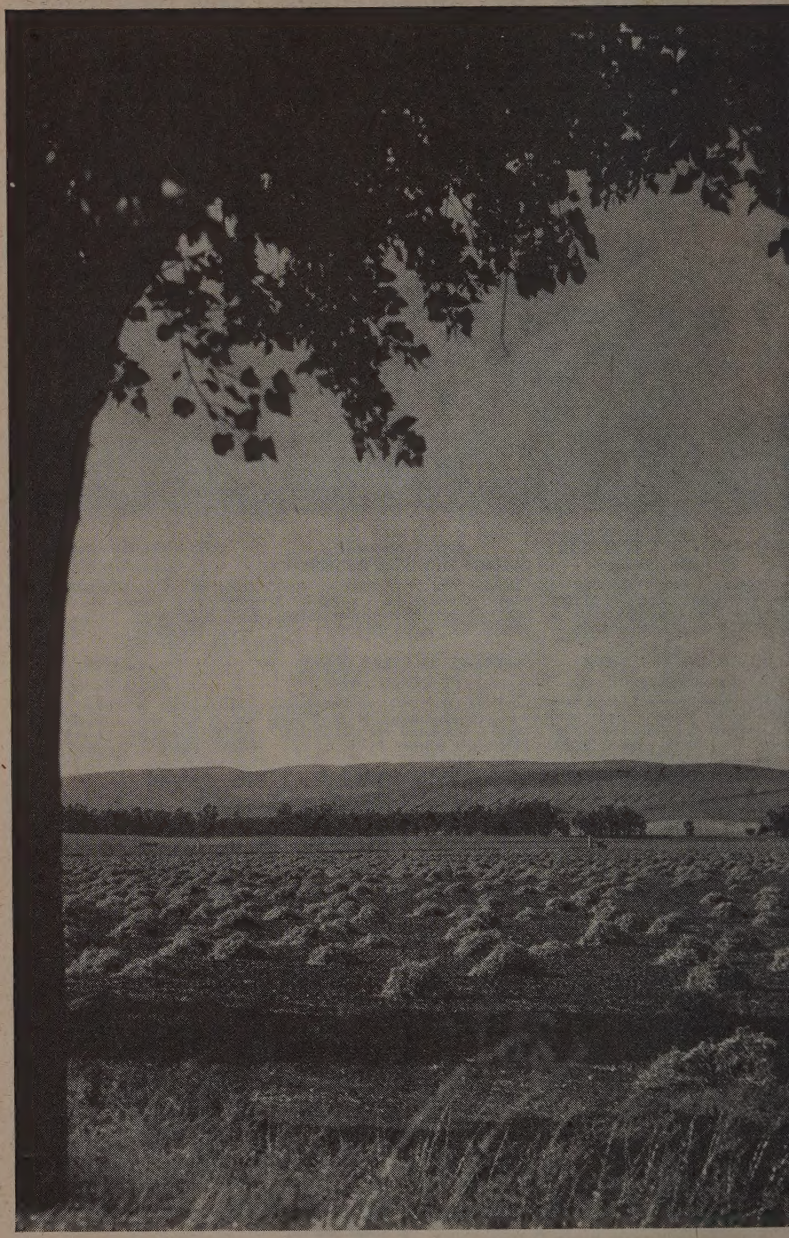


Josef Muench

"A HARVEST IN THE VALLEY"
Field near Camarillo, Pleasant Valley, California

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 10 OCTOBER 1950

October

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

October strides in scarlet shoes,
A bushel basket in each hand,
Her auburn hair in golden clips,
Her fair complexion olive-tanned.

One basket heaped with apple red,
The other round with green of pears,
October gathers marigolds
To trim the peasant blouse she wears.

October rests at close of day
Where weeping willows sigh and drop
Their amber tears around her couch,
The narrow tears they cannot stop.

She lifts a frosted willow wand
And changes costumes at one stroke
To meet November at the gate
Wrapped in a fine blue veil of smoke.

The Cover: Lane of Poplar Trees, Owens Valley, California, Photograph by Josef Muench.

Crisis in Constitutionalism

Dr. G. Homer Durham

Director, Institute of Government, University of Utah

IN large measure the United States holds a key responsibility for the immediate future of constitutionalism, due to its current position as the leading western power. By constitutionalism here is meant a system of society in which government functions according to definite rules, affords devices for popular control of its organs and activities, and in doing so recognizes that a system of *liberty* for groups and individuals is as significant a part of society as government. Charles A. Beard referred to it in American life as "government and liberty in check under supreme law."

The Latter-day Saints believe that such a system is in accordance with the wisdom of Providence. Such a system may not always prevail; surely has not always prevailed in the history of the human race. But, as indicated in the Doctrine and Covenants of the Church, a scheme whereby men can act in "futurity" (that is, act fearlessly and with confidence and faith in the future), and their free agency be respected, represents a religious and political ideal towards which men, if inclined toward belief in God, should direct their efforts.

The struggle for constitutionalism may be read throughout the pages of history. After the translation and printing of the Bible in western Europe, the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries saw many popular movements aiming at responsibility in government and liberty in the people, under law. Seventeenth century England represents a great culminating epoch: the extensive usage of written guarantees of human liberty (the Petition of Right, 1629; the Bill of Rights, 1689) was developed by the English Parliament; the independence of the judiciary established (redefined in the Act of Settlement, 1701); and the executive power limited and brought under representative control, not only of statute law, but of the purse. This great inheritance of English liberty and responsibility in government was redefined, clarified, and incorporated in the Constitution of the United States, together with the unique device of "federalism" and other features which mark it not only as the embodiment of the best efforts of struggling mankind over millenniums, but as a document of inspiration.

In a few years the Constitution of the United States will have completed two hundred years' service. It was framed in 1787; ratified by the American states in sufficient number to insure its adoption in 1788, and it went into effect in April 1789. It established a system of limited government, checks and balances, divided power between Nation and states, which made for the growth of popular control and liberty. Within months of its adoption, it was amended so that the principle of effective limitations

on authority, in favor of liberty, could be spelled out in black and white—the federal Bill of Rights.

MIDPOINT in the twentieth century, after 161 years of usage, the American contribution, together with its English forebears and contemporaries—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa, *et al.*—has wielded tremendous world influence. The nations espousing liberty are more or less banded together in the Marshall Plan-Atlantic Treaty scheme, and constitute the forces striving to make the United Nations (UN) an effective instrument of constitutionalism at the world level. However, what, in the eighteenth century, seemed like the start of a universal trend towards constitutionalism, has not been realized. Many nations and the bulk of the world's population in Asia have not received the stimulus and influence of literacy and the growth of knowledge essential to a free society. There is tremendous and profound meaning in the simple phrase of the Prophet Joseph Smith:

> I teach them correct principles and they govern themselves.

The world cannot be saved in ignorance. Peoples must learn to read and write, to think and understand. To say "Lord, Lord," is not to enter the kingdom. To say "Constitutionalism, constitutionalism; freedom, freedom" is not to produce a free society. To become self-governing, men must have knowledge. They cannot be saved from tyranny, dictatorship, or drudgery in ignorance. Inasmuch as constitutionalism, like the kingdom of God, implies intelligent citizenship to enjoy the great privilege of self-government, it is small wonder that many millions fall to the spell of the dictator. But this question need not detain us. The question for us is, what of the areas of self-government in the world? Before they can expand in influence, hold out inspiration for the masses of Asia, what must we do ourselves? If our lights do not "shine" we can expect the awakening men of Asia to be properly duped and misled by other doctrines than those of freedom and self-government.

Because the major portion of readers will reflect membership in the American system, let us analyze the problem along American lines. However, parallel circumstances prevail elsewhere. Canadian and other readers can substitute their arrangements and analyze the situation in common with all members of the Church throughout the world.

TODAY, government operates at four distinct levels in the effort to "establish justice . . . provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty."

1. *The United Nations*

One of the great, unique, inspirational devices incorporated in the Constitution of the United States is the principle found in Article VI, which makes all treaties entered into by the United States "the supreme law of the land." Accordingly, the Charter of the United Nations is now part of the *supreme law* of the United States, and as such, under the doctrine of the Supreme Court in *Missouri v. Holland* (1918), pro-

The United Nations

vides a basis for new legislation and new administrative developments. At the moment of this writing, it is significant to observe that the United States, with other members of the UN, are fighting in Korea in the interests of world law and order, as part of "the supreme law of the land" under Article VI of the Constitution, as well as in what the President and his councils have gravely decided to be American interests. The essential point is that the Government of the United States is bound to uphold and defend, as part of the effort towards international justice, the principles found in the Charter of the United Nations. This is a grave responsibility at the world level.

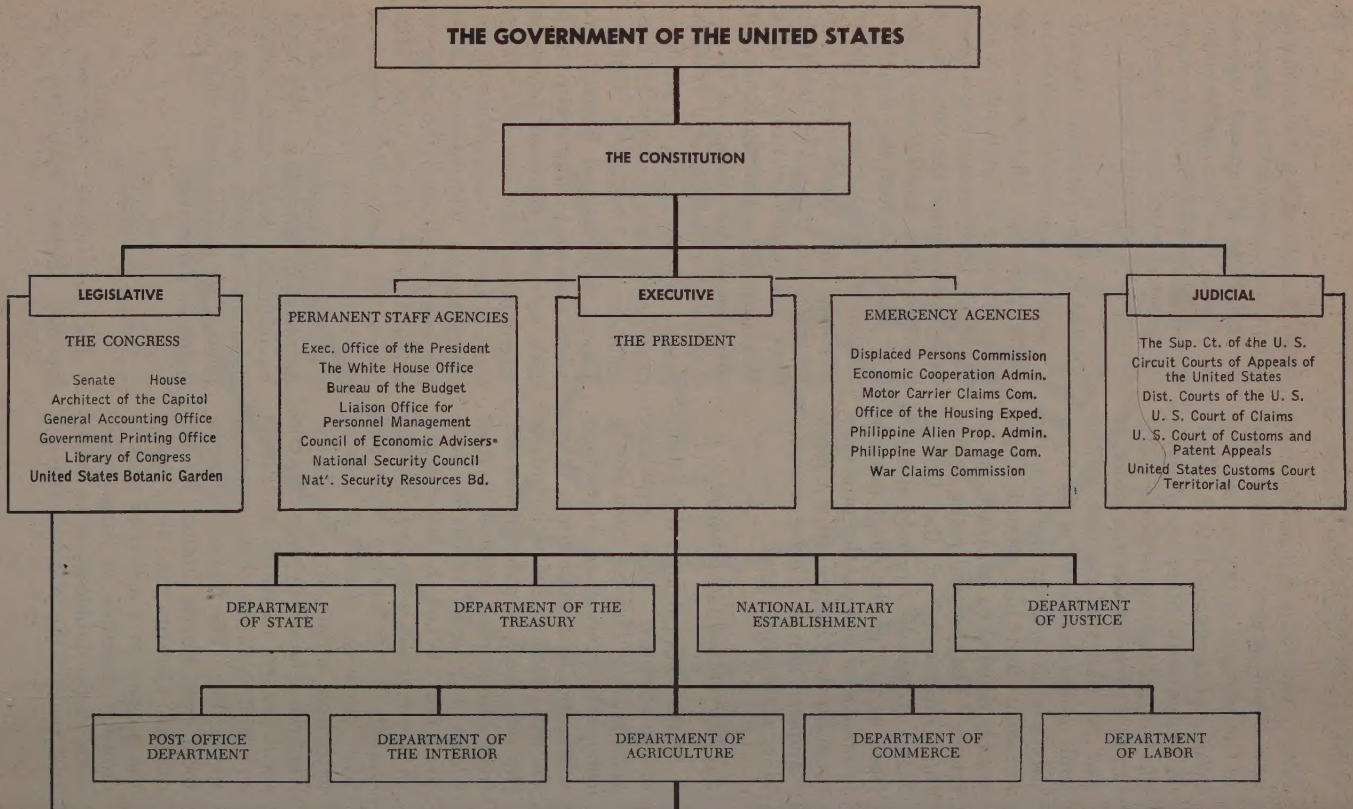
2. *The National Government*

At the national level the powers of government have expanded enormously. This has been due to democratization of an increasingly urban, industrial population. When the rich, learned, and well-born are the only ones to exercise the suffrage, government responds to their wishes and needs which are relatively few. When the ballot is given to everybody, as happened in the United States between 1830 and 1920 (universal manhood suffrage dates from around 1830; woman suffrage was achieved by 1920), government changes its nature and comes to reflect the needs of the masses of the people. The National Government was strictly limited by the original Constitution. But, under the pressure of a nation of workers crowded together in large cities, with all the problems of an industrial society, the National Government, as a part of our self-governing system, has responded to demands for regulation of business, agriculture, labor, for old age pensions, federal aid for highways, agricultural colleges and extension services, social security, and other services.

TODAY the National Government is a powerful instrument —very powerful. Moreover, much of its power is in the hands of the President, both because the original Constitution made the Presidency a powerful office, and because of the fact that Congress has found it necessary to delegate more and more power to him. Power may be used for good or evil. The relatively weak National Government from Washington to Lincoln could not affect greatly the destiny of the individuals of the land. Witness Joseph Smith's failure to get help from President Van Buren for depredations in Missouri in 1838-39. Today, the National Government would respond to almost any group with services. National power in international and domestic affairs, then, is now in the custody of the voters' hands. The Supreme Court has rarely challenged the scope of national power since 1937. That means the people shall judge and decide their destiny. This is a grave responsibility, in which we shall not be saved in ignorance. We must be informed, judge issues, decide them with wisdom, and use our influence to sustain good men and righteous causes.

3. *State Government*

The forty-eight states are in trouble. Before 1913 they con-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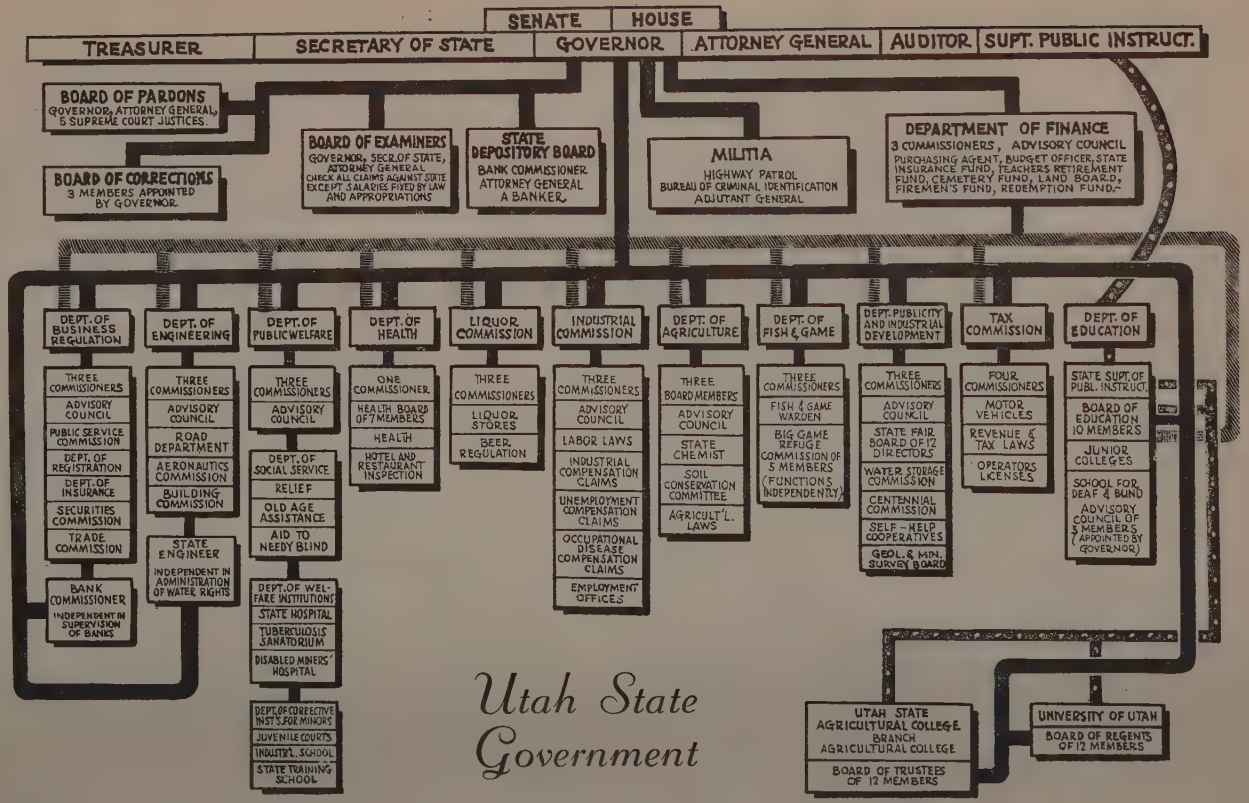


Utah State Government

trolled in the aggregate, American public finance spending and collected more revenues than the National Government. Since 1913 this picture has changed. With the income tax amendment to the Federal Constitution, and the demands of the citizens on the National Government, national expenditures now amount to around fifty billions of dollars per year in 1950, while the forty-eight states together spend around ten to twelve billions.

The states are being by-passed from above and beneath. New York City has a bigger government than New York State. Mayor O'Dwyer has a bigger budget and a larger administration sphere than Governor Dewey. Why? Urbanization and industrialization. The American people live in cities in 1950; there are only five or six million farm families—a small minority, but a vital one. For the farm areas, the rural areas, control most of the American state legislatures due to failure to reapportion representation after each census. Consequently, state governors and state legislatures are short of tax resources and short of effective powers. So, the city populations turn to Washington for federal services, or to their urban municipalities wherever possible. For the states to regain a place of significance in the American economy will probably require reallocation of tax resources, expansion of state budgets and services in proportion to national services.

However, it is doubtful that national expenditures can be reduced because of the demands of war and growing populations. There is great need for statesmanship at the state level in America today, to provide strong and effective state governments as effective counterweight to the giant in Washington.

4. *Local Government*

Local government suffers from the same disease as state government, existing on a static diet based on the general property tax, while the Federal Government thrives on a rich diet—the national income tax. Moreover, national revenues are more or less politically painless; i.e. national taxes are withheld from the overwhelming majority of voters so that what they never receive, they never miss. Consequently, the voters view Uncle Sam as a great and truly rich uncle. On the other hand, every home owner feels political pressure from the general property tax, and punishes local officials when taxes are raised in his community. Local government, consequently, operates under widespread political observation and scrutiny, compared with Washington. Actually, local taxes and state taxes, one could argue, *should be where the increases come*, from time to time, as population and growth take place. It requires money to build roads and maintain schools. There are 36,000,000 vehicles today where there were none in 1900. This requires increased government expenditures. The increase has largely come at the federal level, the politically-painless, withholding way. Meanwhile, states and localities have struggled to keep in business at some comparable ratio to the National Government, but have been kept alive

largely through doses of federal aid at times of stress. This paradox must be understood as we strive to maintain local government, use the states as responsible administrative areas, and at the same time use the National Government as a principal instrument for maintaining conditions of peace and prosperity, at home and abroad.

The power is in the people to judge and to formulate policy. That power must be exercised with vigor and caution; with foresight and wisdom, that liberty may continue to prevail. Constitutional crises may then become constitutional opportunities for the growth and expansion of self government.

The Living Bread

Margaret B. Shomaker

I sent a thin white word of prayer
Because you knew my goal;
I asked for food, the staff of life,
And for the peace of soul.

You answered with unspoken words
Because you knew my plight
And fed me with the living bread
Clothed in eternal light.

When I Leave

Dorothy J. Roberts

When I leave, remember,—
One bright, yellow rose
To place upon the ember
Where these communions close;

One last leaf to settle
Where, in a mind, had lain
A country town; one petal
Upon a heart's refrain;

One loved hue to flower
Above the coming night;
One bud from a bower
Of stamened, golden light;

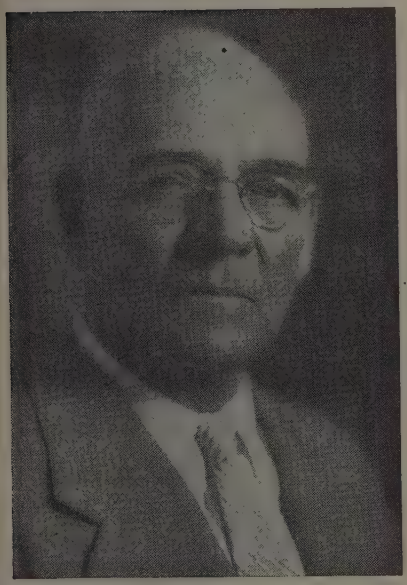
One last homage proffered
The tranquil, quiet way
Of a memory-coffered
Country Sabbath day;

One last bloom to mellow
Above the eyes, asleep,
Used to fences, yellow
Where old sweetbriers creep.

President George F. Richards

A TRIBUTE

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith
Of the Council of the Twelve



PRESIDENT GEORGE F. RICHARDS

FOR forty years I sat in council, attended conferences, and served in various ways with President George F. Richards. He, with Elders Orson F. Whitney and David O. McKay, was called into the council of the apostles in April 1906. Four years later, in April 1910, I followed. From that time forward until his death I was closely associated with President Richards.

We have traveled together from one end of the stakes of Zion to the other. In the early days, we, the brethren of the general authorities, went two by two in the visits to the stakes of Zion. Where railroads did not take us, and such places were numerous, we usually traveled in what were known as "whitetops," which were light spring wagons. Distant trips usually meant appointments to two stakes, frequently to three or four.

On such trips meetings were held daily between stake conferences in the various settlements, or wards, of the stakes. Such trips were over bumpy roads, sometimes merely trails, through heavy dust in the summer and the biting cold of the winter, frequently through heavy mud or heavy snows. Roads were not kept open in those days as they are today. However, in making these extended journeys by team, at times suffering from the heat or the cold, we had the assurance that our teams would carry us through safely, even if the journeys would be long. Today, with good paved roads and swift automobiles, we are not always so sure of reaching our destination in such safety, for now the brethren face hazards on icy roads, and with the help of the Lord have been preserved miraculously, at times. I repeat, in that early day, we went two by two, today the brethren have to travel singly. In 1910, there were only thirty-eight stakes of Zion and today they number 180, and they are still increasing.

IN 1921, President George F. Richards was appointed president of the Salt Lake Temple and I was appointed to be his counselor.

From that day until his passing we were closely associated in the work of the temple. I do not remember the time when I first became acquainted with him; it was several years before his call to the apostleship. He and I were privileged to accompany President Joseph F. Smith and his party to the dedication of the birthplace and monument in memory of the Prophet Joseph Smith on the one hundredth anniversary of the Prophet's birth. On this trip President Richards and I became more closely acquainted.

I would like to say something which I have not mentioned before. Not long after his call into the apostleship, he, one day, said to me that the time would come when I would also be called into that council. I felt at the time that in this he could not have spoken by inspiration, for at the time I had an older brother, Hyrum M., in that council; moreover, President George Albert Smith, my cousin several generations removed, was in that council, as was his father, John Henry Smith. Naturally, because of this condition, I dismissed the thought as merely a wish and paid no heed to it.

I have always honored, respected, and loved President George F. Richards because of his deep devotion to the cause of Zion, his great faith in the restored gospel, his sincere adherence to every principle of the truth that has been revealed. He loved the truth and his steadfast devotion was due to the fact that the Holy Spirit had borne upon his soul the truth of all these things. I feel assured that never was there a doubt in his mind of the great mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, nor did he ever lose his faith and devotion to the Prophet's successors, for the Lord had made known to him that all these things are true.

He taught his family by example as well as by precept. It has often been remarked by his brethren that he, with the help of Sister Richards, to whom much of the credit of course is due, trained his children in the truth, and they have walked steadfastly, without exception, in the footsteps of their beloved father.

The Lord once said of Abraham: "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do . . . . For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." So, likewise, could the Lord have spoken of President George F. Richards. He commanded his children, and they are keeping the commandments of the Lord. I pray that they may continue to do so to the latest generation.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. has said that a great man has been taken from us. This is verily true. We, his brethren, miss him greatly. We would have kept him with us longer, but he had filled his mission here, and his work now accompanies him into the spirit world, there to be continued until the great day when the Lord shall say: "Ye saints arise and live; ye sinners stay and sleep until I shall call again," for with the righteous he shall come forth from the dead when the Lord shall come.

Home Is Where You Make It

Olive Woolley Burt

CHERRY got up from the bed across which she had flung herself, and went to the mirror. She'd have to fix her face before Hal came. She didn't want him to see that she had been crying.

She went slowly across the hall to the bathroom, washed her face in cold water, and brushed back the light brown hair that curled softly around her face, now rumpled from burrowing in the pillow.

Back in the bedroom her mother had turned over to her and Hal—her own old room—she was just fastening a scarlet bow above her ear when Hal came in.

"How's ma honey?" he sang gaily, putting his arms about her and bending until his face was beside hers in the mirrored reflection.

Cherry smiled.

"Right as rain!" she answered, and put up her hands to cuddle Hal's cheek. Oh, how she loved him! Hal put his hand under her chin and tipped her face toward the window. He studied it thoughtfully.

"Tears, Cherry?" he asked. "What's wrong, honey?"

"Nothing, Hal," she answered. "I was just thinking—how much I love you. I must skip now, and help Mother with dinner."

She slipped away from his hand and dashed out into the hall and downstairs.

She went into the dining room and saw that the table was already set. The sight sent a sharp, irritating sensation up her spine. Her mother was still angry, then. She was showing it in her customary way, by doing the things Cherry was expected to do, silently shutting Cherry out.

Cherry went into the kitchen. She wasn't a child to be punished in this way. Why did she feel it was punishment anyway? The answer was easy—because it was punishment. Your mother didn't have to beat you to punish you. Her mother had never even scolded her. Her method was more subtle, more devastating. She just shut Cherry out of everything—out of all the life of the home, by taking over her daughter's little chores. It had always worked, Cherry thought resentfully. But she was a woman, now. She would pay no attention to her mother's tacit reprimands.

"Shall I make the salad?" she asked brightly.

HER mother, busy at the stove, shook her head.

"No, really, darling; there's nothing to do. Why don't you go sit on the porch and keep Daddy company?"

Suddenly Cherry could fight it no longer. She turned and left the kitchen, and met Hal coming down the stairs.

"Hal!" she begged, "take me into town for dinner! Please, Hal—and a show."

Hal glanced into the dining room, at the table set for the four of them.

"But your mother . . ." he began doubtfully.

"Hal!" Cherry couldn't keep her voice from shaking. "Hal, take me

away for dinner . . . or . . . or I'll go alone!"

Her husband looked at her, and nodded.

"Okay, honey, come along."

On the porch Cherry paused, ran across to her father, reading the evening paper in the porch swing.

"Daddy, dear!" she bent and gave him a swift hug and a kiss on the top of his head where there was no hair to interrupt. "Daddy, tell Mother, Hal and I have gone into town. We don't know when we'll be back."

"No dinner?" her father asked mildly.

"We're stepping out, Daddy. Dinner in town."

Her father nodded. He was wonderful. It made no difference to him whether Cherry went out to dinner. He was so sure of her love for him and his for her, that nothing ruffled his composure in his dealings with her.

* * *

DRIVING along the wide country road toward town, Cherry nestled against Hal's arm. He asked her nothing, until a tiny sigh warned him that she was ready to explain.

Then he said, "Out with it, Ladybird. No use strangling on it."

"Hal," Cherry spoke determinedly, "we've got to get away. I just can't stand it living in Mother's house any longer. I just can't!" she added emphatically.

"Okay," Hal agreed, "have you decided where we are going to go?"

"I don't care where we go! It is unbearable there. Mother still thinks I'm a child. She still tells me what to do and what not to do. She still punishes me if I don't mind her."

Hal grinned.

"That is news," he said. "I had a notion that my spoiled darling had never been punished at all."

"Don't be funny, Hal!" Cherry was not in the mood to enjoy her husband's wit. "Of course I've not been beaten . . . ."

His hand left the wheel and he hugged her impulsively.

"You're precious!" he said.

"Well," Cherry went on, reasonably, "there are worse punishments than whipping. And Mother knows how to administer them very effectively. When she takes over my jobs—like she did tonight—setting the table . . ."

"Most girls would be glad to have their mothers do their jobs like that."

Cherry shook her head. "No. She was mad at me, Hal. We had a quarrel today . . . over the baby."

Hal couldn't help showing his amused disbelief.

"Over the baby?" he asked. "Poor kid—not even born yet—and he's causing strife in the family."

"Mother thinks I should name him after Daddy. She says Daddy has always been so good to me—and he has, Hal. I love him very much. But I love someone else more—and I think you have the right to have your first son named after you . . . ."

"Why not name him after both of us—Harold J. Levi Bronson Meldrum?" Hal asked, trying to sound serious.

"Well, I didn't mind her having an opinion, and telling it to me, Hal," Cherry went on, ignoring his suggestion, "but when I said no, and she began arguing, and then her

lips went tight—just like they always do when she's angry; and then she switched out into the kitchen and started to whip up a cake—a chocolate cake, when I had just told her I wanted to make one for you—she just did it to punish me. I can't stay a little girl just because they have been good to us. So we've got to move, Hal—before the baby comes. We've got to."

HAL drove along a little way, without speaking. From time to time his eyes left the road and looked down at his pretty young wife. He estimated the misery in her face, the rebellion and unhappiness, and came to his resolution.

"Okay, honey," he said gently. "You're not a little girl to me. I know that when you decide a thing, you've given it thought. We'll move at once. Somewhere we will find a place. Now forget it for awhile, and let's enjoy a real, old-time date. How's about it?"

He parked the car and, taking her arm, led her down the sidewalk to the biggest hotel in town.

"Roof garden would seem good on a hot night like this, don't you think?" he asked.

Cherry glanced swiftly at her dress.

"Hal, I'm not . . . ."

"You're wonderful," he assured her. "You walk like a queen, and so your dress looks extra special, no matter what it is."

Cherry laughed, and they went up in the elevator.

The dinner was very good; and after the dinner Hal suggested a technicolor musical that was showing in a nearby theater.

When it was over and they went out into the star-bright night again, Hal turned back toward the hotel.

"The car's down this way, Hal," she reminded him.

"No, it isn't. I've parked it in the hotel garage, when I left you there at dinner for a few minutes," Hal explained. "And, honey, I've got us a room in the hotel tonight. I called your mother and told her we were staying in town, so everything's okay. In the morning we can decide . . . ."

"Is mother still mad at me?" Cherry asked timidly.

Hal shook his head.

"I made everything okay," he assured her.

It was like a honeymoon again—the two of them alone in a hotel room, with the lights of the city twinkling on and off through the windows. It was heavenly to be alone with Hal—all alone.

THE next morning Hal slipped away and to work, and Cherry lay luxuriously in bed, looking at the ceiling, feeling rich. After awhile there was a knock on the door, and there was her breakfast, all the things she liked best, for her to enjoy in bed. And a newspaper. She studied the classified ads.

She got up at last, bathed and dressed, and went out, the folded newspaper in her hand. When she went to the desk, the clerk handed her the car keys.

"Mr. Meldrum said for you to use the car today, Ma'am," he said, courteously.

Cherry was glad—and free. She went to the garage and the attendant brought the car, and she set out to answer the one or two not very

promising ads listing rooms and apartments.

There was only one real vacancy—she was either too late for the others, or they had never existed at all. This one, though, was in an awful looking house. Cherry's nose lifted in distaste as she followed the landlady up the dark stairs to the third floor.

At the second floor landing, a big, burly dark man came thundering against them, shoving them back against the wall as he passed.

"Why don't you watch where you're going, Steve?" shouted the landlady.

The fellow gave an ugly grunt and went on, clomping down the stairs.

"Not very courteous, is he?" Cherry said.

"Not him. But that's nothin'. Folks here ain't got time to be courteous. Got work to do."

"Does he live here?" Cherry asked, shuddering.

"Sure—next room to the one I'm showin' you."

Cherry didn't even look at the room, then. She didn't even see the peeling paper and the smudgy windows. She just shook her head and said, "No, thanks. I'm afraid this won't do."

"Better take it and be glad," the woman said sourly. "Aren't many apartments in this town."

When Hal came to the hotel room that night, he found a very tired, but not discouraged Cherry waiting for him.

"Any luck?" he asked, kissing her.

"Not yet. But there's always tomorrow. We can't stay here very long," she said. "We can't afford it, Hal. Remember, we've got some big expenses coming up."

"I know, dear," he agreed. "And I'm looking for a place, too. But it takes a little time. Did you call your mother today?"

"No," Cherry answered, hesitatingly, "but I'm going to."

She dialed her mother doubtfully, remembering her own resentment when she left home, and half expecting that her mother's would have increased in the interval.

But her mother's voice was sweet and cheerful, and Cherry listened in vain for any hint of anger.

"Darling!" her mother cried, "have you had any luck? Hal said you were going to find an apartment, come what might."

"I've tried, Mother," Cherry answered, "but you've no idea . . ."

"Oh, but I have, dear! I think you and Hal had a marvelous idea, though, to stay right in town where you could grab one if it so much as poked its nose out of the ground. Tell me what it's been like."

THEY talked. It was like old times, and Cherry felt tears behind her lashes as she realized how hungry she had been for the sound of her mother's voice.

But I'm not going to give in, she told herself fiercely. I'm not going to be soft, ever again!

She could hardly bear to hang up the receiver. Hal was already stretched out in bed.

"I'm dead tired," he groaned, "I didn't get any lunch—used my lunch hour to go with Jim Stanton to look at a place he passed on his way to work—folks were moving out then. But someone else had moved in by the time we got there." He yawned.

Cherry didn't even get a nibble the next day, either, but on the third day she met Anne Gillespie who lived in an apartment hotel high on the bench east of town. When Anne heard of Cherry's plight, she spoke enthusiastically, "Listen, Cherry, Mrs. Saunders, an old lady in the apartment above me, has a room. Her son and daughter-in-law have been with her, but he has been sent East. She's been hanging onto that extra room for dear life. I'll bet you and Hal could get it."

"Take me to her!" cried Cherry, and she almost pushed Anne toward the car.

Mrs. Saunders was a very charming lady, and she seemed definitely ready to let them have the extra room. But she hesitated.

"There's just one thing," she said gently. "I do not sleep well, and I will have to require that you be in early, and that you make no disturbance at all after I go to bed."

Cherry swallowed hard. Then she said, as pleasantly as she could, "Well, of course, Mrs. Saunders, I realize that you would be doing us a great favor, indeed, taking us in, and we'd both try to do everything possible to be unobtrusive and no trouble, but I'd like to talk to my husband before settling the matter. Will it be all right if I phone you this evening?"

She was discouraged, telling Hal about it.

"It would be terrible," she moaned. "She looks so gentle, but you could see she has a will of iron. She's a tyrant, if ever there was one. Oh, Hal!"

"We don't want her old room," Hal said. "Listen, honey! I've heard of a duplex."

"What are we waiting for?" cried Cherry.

The desk clerk stopped their mad rush.

"Mr. Meldrum," he said, courteously, "you realize, I suppose, that tomorrow your four days are up?"

Cherry stared, openmouthed.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"Mr. Meldrum only took the room for four days, and it has already been reserved for another guest. He will be in tomorrow. The room is to be vacated by two o'clock."

Cherry thought she had never been so angry in her life. She switched along, seething.

When Hal caught up with her, she said resentfully, "I never heard of such insolence. Hal, what is the world coming to?"

Hal answered miserably, "I should have told you, but I thought we'd get a place by now. Maybe we will," he added, hopefully.

The duplex was still vacant. They rang the bell of the owner, who lived in one side.

"It's all been newly decorated, and fixed up," the owner bragged, turning on the light. Cherry gasped in delight. It was lovely.

"Of course," the landlord went on, "we've always kept it nice, and we're very careful about our tenants. No shenanigans, you understand, no parties or noise, no dogs or children."

Cherry stared at him. Should she keep silent, tacitly deny the wonderful thing that had happened to her and Hal? Never.

"We're going to have a baby," she said distinctly, "but of course, you

(Continued on page 694)

American Pottery and Porcelain

Part II—Contemporary American Wares

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by *Elizabeth Williamson*

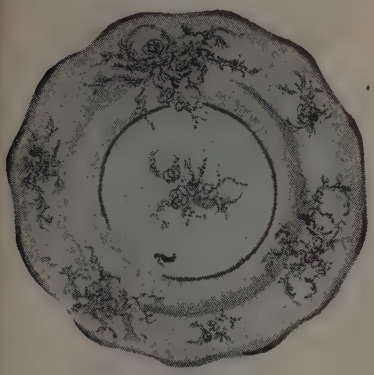
IT has been the dream of many American potters to create a distinctly American china which could stand beside the finest wares of other nations and make the most discriminating purchasers proud to "Buy American." Among those who dreamed that dream was Walter Scott Lenox. Growing up in the pottery district of Trenton, New Jersey, he developed an intense interest in the ceramic activity around him, and determined to lend his skill and energy to its fulfillment.

Although even his financial backers prophesied failure, he established his own factory and set about paying off his debts and perfecting his product. He called it American Beleek, for it was the thin, ivory-tinted, lustrous china of the little factory in Ireland which he chose to emulate in design and appearance, though not in fragility. His goal was too close to relinquish, when, in 1895, he became blind and paralyzed, but with the aid of a faithful secretary and an accomplished designer, he worked on. New shapes and patterns were created, and the china was no longer called Beleek, but Lenox. Soon it was appearing in the finest shops of the land. Then, President and Mrs. Wilson ordered a 1700-piece service decorated with a design adapted from the Stars and Stripes, to replace the old china, and Mr. Lenox knew that he had succeeded where all others before him had failed!

Since that time, other fine American chinas have been put on the market. The Onondaga Pottery Company of Syracuse, New York, manufactures the beautiful Syracuse China—Old Ivory Syracuse, with its soft cream-colored body, decorated with informal sprays and borders of flowers, or, more formally, with simple designs and bands of gold; and Shell Edge Syracuse with a white, very translucent body, decorated with fruit, floral, or deep-sea motifs.

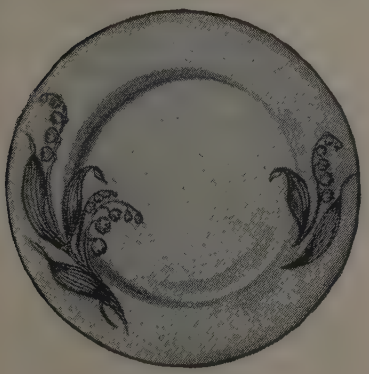
The Shenango Pottery Company of New Castle, Pennsylvania, large manufacturers of vitrified hotel china, have recently become interested in two top-ranking home tablewares. Since 1936, they have been carrying on the production of Haviland china, using formulas, and workmen skilled in their use, sent from the Limoges factory. Thus it is now possible to fill in sets of the famous gold-band Haviland and other traditional styles, or to choose a completely new and modern pattern of this beloved ware.

Castleton china is another enterprise of the Shenango Corporation. The body of this new ware is of a warm ivory tone, decorated with a wide variety of patterns created by eminent contemporary artists. Adaptations of traditional Oriental and baroque floral designs are available, as well as simple and distinguished modern styles. A recent Castleton dinnerware service, produced in collaboration with the



HAVILAND
(ROSALINDE PATTERN)

SYRACUSE—SHELL EDGE



CASTLETON

Museum of Modern Art in New York, is a form so chaste and lovely that it requires no decoration.

THESE three companies, together with several others producing similar wares, call their product vitrified china, a name which distinguishes it from the chinas produced elsewhere in the world. The difference is to be found mainly in one ingredient of their formula—feldspar. English china is made of various mixtures of clay, flint, and bone ash. Oriental chinas contain bone ash, also, to make the body white and translucent, and help it to keep its shape in the firing, while American vitrified china is composed of clay, flint, and feldspar. In the extreme heat of the kiln, the feldspar melts and partially dissolves the flint and clay, cementing the particles together. Thus, the ware becomes "vitrified"—dense, non-absorbent, and translucent. Flints, clays, and feldspar from different localities have different qualities, and thus each china company has its own formulas and methods of production.

Less expensive than vitrified china, and yet approaching it in some of its qualities, is semi-vitrified china or semi-porcelain. Non-translucent, slightly more absorbent than vitrified china, with less costly decorations, semi-vitrified china is still a very durable product. It is a crowning achievement of our American ceramic makers that even the tablewares found in our ten-cent stores are remarkably attractive and give good service.

The cost of any ceramic ware depends mainly on the cost of the workmanship involved. Time and

skill are more costly than materials. The transfer printing process, as in the days of Wedgwood, is a good deal less expensive than hand decoration. Recently, wonderful advances have been made in multi-color underglaze printing, and, today, only the very cheapest ware is decorated with overglaze printed pictures.

Gold decoration is accomplished in several ways, but always over the glaze, for gold, like some colors, cannot withstand the high glaze firing. At the Lenox factory, which specializes in gold decoration, only twenty-four carat coin gold is used. It may be painted on by the artist with a brush, applied by a method called dry ground laying, or by the acid-gold, or etching, method. In the dry ground laying process, a sticky size is applied to the dish and the gold is dusted on in the form of powder. Etching is accomplished by covering the piece with an acid-resisting wax, leaving the design exposed. It is dipped into hydrofluoric acid, which eats away the exposed portion. The protective wax is then removed, and gold painted on the design. Pieces ornamented with gold are fired in a decorating kiln, and later polished by hand. When several colors are applied in addition to the gold, it is often necessary to fire the pieces several times, thus adding to the cost.

THE type of gold used on less expensive wares is called liquid bright gold or luster. This, like the overglaze printed pictures, eventually wears off with use.

In the field of design the break with tradition is becoming more and more evident. Top-ranking artists are being hired by china companies

LENOX VASE

to create patterns that are truly American in feeling. An outstanding example is "American Modern," designed by Russel Wright, and made by Steubenville Pottery Company. The shapes are new and rhythmical, and the attractive colors of the glazes are described by their names—Granite Gray, Curry, Bean Brown, and Sea Blue.

Among the many interesting patterns created by Victor Schrecken gost, artist for the Sebring Pottery Company, American Limoges China Company, and the Salem China Company, are "Comet" with its flame-red lines and platinum stars and the quaint "Godey" pattern authentically reproducing Godey prints.

Gladding-McBean Company of California, a large tile and drain pipe producer, makes vitrified china of pleasing shape, and the colorful and popular Franciscan Pottery Vernon Pottery, also of California

puts out the attractive ware with underglaze pictures by the artists Don Blanding and Rockwell Kent.

Recent trends toward informality —patio suppers and barbecues, or cozy groups around the fireplace— have given new impetus to the production of artistic stoneware. In it the beautiful colors and textures of earthenware can be combined with the durability and non-porous cleanliness of vitrified china; for stoneware is made from colored clays fired at a high temperature, while china is made from white clays.

The future of American ceramics has never appeared brighter. We have finally come to appreciate what we have in our own back yard—literally, as well as figuratively, for the ceramics hobbyist who digs his own clay and experiments with local materials and original shapes and glazes, is breathing life and vitality into the potter's art, which can influence American ceramics as a whole, and develop in us as subtle an appreciation for beauty as that acquired by those who lived during other great periods of ceramic accomplishment.

After the Harvest

Leone E. McCune

Now earth has given every lavish gift.
The harvest of the orchard, garden, field,
Is stored against the fruitless days ahead.
The flame of sumac, gold of poplar tree,
Have changed to mauve and brown, and indigo
Of heavens paled to gray. The burning sun
No longer sends its penetrating rays
To ripen fruit or consummate the stem.
The last sweet sounds of summer disappear
In muted bird note, southward in the sky.
The bearing of such sumptuous gifts has taxed
The earth beyond endurance; weary, spent,
She drapes her cloak about her, rests, and dreams.

Pioneer

Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

Though eighty years have etched her face,
Her eyes have not grown dull or dim;
She walks with her accustomed grace,
Her slender figure tall and trim.

She has plumbed the depths of life,
Billows, shoals, and undertows;
Loved and been loved—mother and wife,
Knowing all a woman knows.

Songs of Gladness

Grace B. Wilson

Time was I found the happiness
That solitude was bringing;
But as the days grew long and long
My heart held no glad singing.

Then, with the coming of my love,
Woke such ecstatic madness,
My heart is now no longer strange
To sudden songs of gladness.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1 and October 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH THE PROPHET: How little does the world know of the great Prophet who came among us and turned the "key in behalf of woman" nearly half a century ago. I am thankful that I had the privilege of being somewhat acquainted with that noble man, the Prophet Joseph, and hearing sublime truths from his lips, which at the time, probably, I did not so fully appreciate. I have lived to see many of his predictions fulfilled, and still greater events are at hand. The last time he left his home in Nauvoo he said: "I go as a lamb to the slaughter." I saw him pass with his brother Hyrum whom he could not persuade to leave him. They were on horseback and looked very solemn. Joseph knew he would never return alive. It was a terrible blow to the Saints; but they soon learned to acknowledge the hand of the Lord and that their beloved leader still labors in a higher sphere for the good of Zion.

TO E. A.

"Forget not the lone one!" thus thou hast written:
Thinkest thou, dearest, we'll ever forget,
The poor, weary heart which too early was smitten,
Hath suffered and waited, and suffereth yet.

Dark days have pass'd o'er thee, since last we met thee;
But there's a day when we'll know no regret;
Thinkest thou, dearest, we'll ever forget thee?
No, gentle friend, we will never forget.

—Lula

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED: Don't find fault. Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends. Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it. Don't believe that everyone else in the world is happier than you. Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life. Don't believe all the evil you hear. Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd. Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you. Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position. Don't over or under dress. Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about. Don't try to be anything but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule.—Selected

SALT LAKE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Mrs. E. S. Taylor said: "I hope we all have a testimony of the Gospel, and not let a spirit of indifference creep over us so that we will be asleep. We should be a peculiar people in faith, in healing the sick, in the blessings of the Gospel. Many are cultivating the knowledge of the Gospel, but many are getting careless, let us teach our children the faith that can heal our sick. We are living in perilous times and we are getting to love pleasure more than right, spending money in many ways that are not right, true pleasure is not enjoyed in such things, it is only by the presence of the spirit of God we enjoy true pleasure." Mrs. Ann Griffiths said: "I had the privilege of shaking hands with the Prophet in Nauvoo, and the precious feeling of friendship has never left my hand yet."—E. Howard, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

AFTER thirty years tenancy in the Utah State Capitol building, the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers organization in July moved its headquarters to the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers Memorial Museum at 304 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, thus fulfilling a long cherished dream. For fourteen years, under the presidency of Kate B. (Mrs. Austin) Carter, and with Cornelia S. (Mrs. Anthony C.) Lund as memorial chairman, contributions have poured in from Daughters in all parts of the world, and from many communities and special donors. It is fitting that the impressive historical relics be housed in this beautiful building at the head of Main Street, where tourists and descendants of pioneers may view and appreciate the relics.

RUTH CHAPMAN HARTKOPF, housewife, is doing an expert job as secretary-manager of the Eastern Idaho State Fair at Blackfoot. This position calls for physical stamina, sound judgment, diplomacy, and business ability, and is rarely undertaken by a woman. Fourteen counties participate, and the grounds cover thirty-six acres. The attendance last year exceeded 95,000.

MARIA COOMBS TAYLOR of Parowan died May 4th, shortly after her 100th birthday. She was believed to be the fourth oldest Utahn.

ALMA ELIZABETH MINEER FELT, ninety-five, died July 28th. A pioneer of 1861, Mrs. Felt gave devoted service to her Church as a guide on Temple Square, in the Mutual Improvement Association, and in the Relief Society, where she was active for forty years, serving twelve years as president of the Eleventh Ward Relief Society, Salt Lake City. She directed plays and operas, was assistant wardrobe mistress of the Salt Lake Theater, and appeared in plays and choruses there.

UTAH'S delegates to Girls Nation, in Washington, D.C., were two seventeen-year-old girls, Vanet Sorensen of Salt Lake City and Winona Crosby of St. George. This participation is a wonderful opportunity and should help develop leadership among American women.

SHE probably never went to Girls State or Nation, nevertheless, attractive, feminine-looking Mrs. George H. Davis, only twenty-eight, and mother of three children, was elected mayor of Washington, Virginia, on an all-women slate, which defeated an all-male slate. The population of the town is 250.

STENA SCORUP of Salina, a Utah school teacher and the State's first woman mayor, died last summer.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 OCTOBER 1950 NO. 10

The Quest for Peace

LATTER-day Saints living today are seeing many prophecies related to the last days, coming to pass. One of them was stated by Isaiah in these words: "For the wisdom of their wise men shall perish and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid" (Isaiah 29:14).

Recently a convention, participated in by men versed in the learning of the world, was held. The question which was discussed was the way to peace. Many words were spoken and many viewpoints set forth and, although each person directed his remarks along the line in which he had spent years of training, the results were negligible and even trivial. So seem the councils of men throughout the world, the wisdom of their wise men has perished.

To a Latter-day Saint such groping for truth seems incredibly childish and futile. The Maker of heaven and earth has revealed truth to his children—it is available to all mankind. There is the written word—"For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape" (D. & C. 1:2); and there are the words of the Lord's living prophets, seers, and revelators.

Centuries ago Isaiah gave a recipe for peace: "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places" (Isaiah 32:17-18). On the contrary, he declared, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked" (Isaiah 48:22).

We read in modern scripture, "We believe that no government can exist in peace, except such laws are framed and held inviolate as will secure to each individual the free exercise of conscience, the right and control of property, and the protection of life." In view of present conditions throughout much of the world, it is not to be wondered at that the Lord, in 1831, declared, "The hour is not yet, but is nigh at hand, when peace shall be taken from the earth, and the devil shall have power over his dominions."

The words of the living prophets warn the inhabitants of the earth that only through righteousness, through repentance and turning from evil, may peace again be established.

The contemplation of the fulfillment of such prophecies should, however, bring not despair but hope and joy to the Latter-day Saint who prays daily, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." All inhabitants of the world are subject to the irrevocable laws of a just God. As men sow, so shall they reap, for the Lord has said, "What I the Lord have spoken, I have spoken . . . and

though the heavens and the earth pass away, my word shall not pass away, but shall all be fulfilled. . . ."

The Latter-day Saint knows the voice of his Shepherd and puts his trust in his peace: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace" (John 16:33); "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:7).

Though this might be the time when peace shall be taken from the earth, the time when the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, yet the spirit of the righteous man need not fail, for the peace of God will keep his heart and mind.

—M.C.S.

Once Again

Grace M. Candland

Once again the hillside leaves are turning,
The harvest crops are safe in pit and barn;
Sumacs have begun their annual burning,
And crisping air has drifted in to warn
Of coming frost. Then chestnut burs release
Their shining seed, the orchard yield will fall,
The song of bird and insect chirp will cease,
Squadrons of geese repeat their parting call

The summer's growth will turn to final mold
To loam the soil for future bud and bloom;
In quiet majesty the year grows old—
The ceaseless change of nature's magic loom.

We welcome autumn days devoid of stress
And gather to our hearts their loveliness.

October Winds

Rose Thomas Graham

October winds croon sleepy lullabies
To nodding summer flowers and drooping trees;
And frost-kissed leaves like winging butterflies

Play tag, suspended in the autumn breeze,
Then stamp upon the grass a Persian shawl,
Or bank the fence in ornamental frieze.

Bared branches gently scrape the garden wall,
With slender fingers tap the windowpane;
Birds, flying south, send back a parting call.

Deserted nests hang heavy in the rain
On limbs that bow to winters, overlong.
Sweet dreams attend; it will be spring again.

Enchantment in Oils

Elaine Swain

Each day I walk a country lane
That creeps between the hills,
To gather rust and golden leaves
A giant elm tree spills.

Each day I haunt October,
Trace her footprints, search her lair
To find new pools of sunshine
Her magic has laid bare.

Each day—come summer, winter, spring,
I revel in the fall,
For, captured fast on canvas,
Autumn hangs upon my wall!

Notes TO THE FIELD

Request for Copies of "The Woman's Exponent"

The General Board wishes to secure copies of *The Woman's Exponent* in order that a duplicate set of these magazines may be available for safekeeping and for reference in the general office of the Relief Society. It is requested that anyone having copies of any issue of the *Exponent* who would like to present them to the organization, please send them to: General Board of Relief Society, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

"Relief Society Handbook" Available

The Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society is available at the office of the General Board, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, price 60 cents each, postpaid. This handbook contains official instructions on Relief Society policies and procedure. It includes a detailed index for ready reference and will be invaluable to stake, ward, mission, and branch officers, class leaders, and visiting teachers.

October Is Forever

Lizabeth Wall

Here is a beauty for remembering:
This moment-of-October, scarlet-still,
This quiet time that holds no flight of wing
Nor any wind-song, wild from any hill.
And I shall keep this peace to fold about
Less lovely seasons I shall surely know:
A young, uncertain springtime tinged with doubt,
Or any winter, silent under snow.
So let me etch upon my heart each leaf,
Each arrowed shaft of sun upon the grass,
To armor me against impending grief
And warm me when these amber hours pass.

White September

Ezra J. Poulsen

Chapter 2

Synopsis: Against his will, Jim Bates finds himself again very much interested in Daphne Sommers when she returns to Knowlton after an absence of ten years. Jim, the town banker, worries about his assistant Tom Andrews, in love with Daphne's niece Mollie Dangerfield, who, like her Aunt Daphne, seems to have a frivolous disposition and seems to take life lightly. Daphne goes to Jim's bank and borrows three thousand dollars, with the Sommers home as security, to send Mollie to Europe for the summer. "You'll ruin Mollie," Jim accuses, as Daphne leaves the bank.

THE day seemed to drag out endlessly, and my mind underwent a slow process of disillusionment. My resolve to keep clear of Daphne melted like ice in the sun. It was evident she would cause our paths to cross whenever it suited her purpose. Already I could see I was involved in her schemes, and there was little I could do about it. At first, I thought I'd warn Tom, and urge him to fight back, but second thought made this seem foolish. I'd only get poor Tom into a worse fix than ever.

As soon as the day's work was over, I saddled my horse and went for a ride. In Knowlton we don't play golf, but we do take pride in our horses. In fact, you might say we've carried the horse tradition down from cowboy days to the present sleek, polished riding club era. But, in my case, riding was a means of getting away by myself. It was a lonely habit, developed during my years of bachelorhood, and prompted by my inherent love for the hills west of Knowlton where I had hunted cows as a youngster. The hills, the valley, the lake—that was my world.

Charger, my brown quarter horse, always followed the cow trail northward from Main Canyon through a low pass near the Ringel place, and headed toward the old Humming Bird mine when I gave him his head. I often rode that way because I liked the view of the valley and lake from the top of the hill. In my abstraction, I hadn't paid attention to my surroundings until a flock of magpies in the willows made me aware of the small stream running down from the snowbank at my right. The zest of late spring stirred my blood. Throwing off my worries, I took a fleeting glance at the lake nestled in the southern end of the valley, then urged Charger to a gallop. He needed no more than a hint. Down the hollow we raced toward Sleight's Canyon. We would soon pass the claim cabin on the Jaussi homestead, climb the flat beyond the Long Ridge, and finally reach the Little Valley reservoir from which we would swing back down to the county road, and home.

I began to enjoy the stimulus of unconfined action, letting my fancy go completely free. I was almost reckless with speed as I whirled Charger into the canyon creek, dense with willows. But it all ended in a gasp of astonishment. Charger collided in midstream with a little bay mare, just emerging from the thicket on the opposite side. The force of the impact threw the mare back a trifle on her haunches. I heard a woman scream and saw

Daphne Sommers' terrified face as we both reined sharply, our horses' hoofs rattling on the slippery stones.

"Oh, Jim!"

"Daphne!"

Both of us spoke with the sharp surprise of people who see the subject of their thoughts materialize before their eyes.

"How did you get here?" I demanded.

"Up Sleight's Canyon. And you?"

"Came over from Main Canyon. I hope you're not hurt." I led her mare gently back to the green plot on the north side of the creek.

"Oh, no, I'm all right," she replied in a shaky voice. "We really came head on, though, didn't we?" she added with a nervous laugh.

DAPHNE'S brown eyes reflected a challenging glint as she swept up the details of my careless, informal riding clothes. Instinctively I realized my khaki riding pants and shirt, together with my shapeless gray hat and high-top shoes were under her critical inspection, and the effect was to remind her that I was still a country boy. She'd always had a flare for clothes, I noted, glancing at her black doeskin breeches and shining russet boots. Her hair was mostly tucked out of sight under her jaunty blue riding cap; and over her cream satin blouse, she wore a trim red vest. She reminded me of a picture in a fashion magazine, but she affected me much more deeply.

"How about riding up to the old mine with me?" I dared, remembering we had once gone up there together in our younger days.

This pleased her. "Why, certainly!"

We both knew the way. I let her lead out. There was little said as we meandered through the aspens and elderberry bushes. But when we reached the mine, we became as playful as two children. She seemed as eager as I to refrain from mentioning the unpleasant past. We fed the wild chipmunks, explored the old bunkhouses, and peeked over the edge of the terrifying shaft, then threw rocks down it, and laughed as they echoed below. Finally, we stood together on the high, weed-grown dump, and looked down into the pleasant valley that had nurtured our childhood.

Here, in one mighty surge of emotion, my love for Daphne returned. I could have taken her in my arms and kissed her and forgiven everything, promising to be her devoted slave forever.

Daphne must have surmised my threatened disintegration, for she ran down the dump to where the horses were waiting, challenging me to follow. Springing on her mare, she started down the trail at a reckless speed.

By the time we reached the reservoir, where the road was wide enough for us to ride side by side, our horses were both reeking with sweat, and we were serious. Then, I discovered what was on her mind.

"Jim, I wish you'd do something about Tom Andrews," she complained. "He's making a perfect monkey of himself. At the party he was so jealous it was painful. To cap it all, he demanded his ring back last night."

If Daphne had deliberately chosen to make me angry, she couldn't

have picked a better subject. "Surely—surely, you don't blame him," I snapped. "Mollie's been leading him around by the nose now for over a year. And every day she gets more light-hearted and frivolous."

"Well, can't he stand a little competition? Must he lock her up like a cave man, and refuse to let her speak to anyone else?"

"Possibly, that would be a good idea," I replied ungallantly. "Tom's too good a boy to have her ruin his life. He's the best match she'll ever make. But he doesn't like to be kept dangling over a flame forever."

DAPHNE'S eyes spit fire. "Oh, you men! Tom's all right. But he's a prude. He ought to marry a scrubwoman. I want to see Mollie happy. That's why I'm sending her to Europe where she can meet people and get an idea of what the world is like."

"You're ruining Mollie. You're making her a worthless scatterbrain. Just—just . . ." I floundered.

"Just like myself," she said slowly.

My face reddened. "No. That's not what I was going to say," I denied lamely.

But Daphne looked at me as if I'd struck her. In an instant, the buoyant, youthful quality which seemed to cling to her, almost as it did when she was twenty, faded. I could see she was suffering, but she took it with great calm.

"All right, Jim Bates, say it. You might as well. So I ran out on you. I was a muddle-headed flirt myself. I was fickle. I loved to keep men dangling. I had no emotional stability. All I thought of was clothes and parties. I was spoiled rotten!" Her voice broke with a dry little sob, but she recovered in a split second. "Yes, and that's only half of it. I hated smug, stupid men. And—and—I still do!"

"Why have you interfered with Tom and Mollie?" I pleaded. "Can't you see you're breaking them up?"

"If Tom can't wait a few months, he isn't much good. It's just that I don't want to see Mollie settle down and be a discontented wife all her life. I—I—want her to be the kind of wife I might have been," she added fiercely. "I want her to know her own heart."

After this, Daphne seemed unapproachable. I understood in a single moment of anguish why I had lost her. Below the Long Ridge, we let our horses swing into a lazy lope, kicking up the dust which settled like a veil on the greenery of the hills, as we rode back to town.

MOLLIE Dangerfield left for Europe with a friend of Dahpne's, amid shouting and fanfare, just as Daphne had planned it. Tom Andrews was among the group of admirers who saw her off at the depot, but he wasn't conspicuous in the role of lover. In fact, several other suitors were becoming bold since the fall of Tom; and when he came back to the bank he was very sober and tight-lipped.

Knowlton settled back into its daily routine. During the summer dancing parties at the lake took up a large share of the younger set's time, with many of the older folks

tagging along, presumably in the role of chaperons, but, actually, to enjoy the fun. The lake has always been one of our most popular attractions.

Meanwhile, Daphne, with Mollie taken care of for the time being, turned her attention to another daring undertaking. She announced her intention to open a millinery and dress shop. A clear note of approval came from the younger set, for who would know about styles and such things better than Daphne Sommers? But a chorus of protests arose also from some quarters. Some of these came from seamstresses who didn't want the competition. Others came from mothers who didn't think Daphne's influence on their daughters was altogether good. She was worldly and extravagant, they said.

Again Daphne came into the bank. "I don't want to borrow any more money," she declared, as if conscious of what was at the moment passing through my mind. "But, Jim, I would like your advice."

I forced an uncomfortable laugh. "As a banker?" I asked.

"As a banker," she replied.

Seated again in my stuffy consultation room—it only seemed small and stuffy when she was in it—I listened while she explained her plans. "You—see—I learned to be a milliner after I tired of playing," she said in a tone which made me feel this statement cost her much. Her voice was so low I could hardly hear her, and her eyes, quite unlike her, were riveted on the table.

If my heart had gone overboard for her to my undoing, I was determined my banker's judgment should not do likewise. Consequently, when I spoke, it was with a cold, professional air I was soon sorry for.

"To be honest with you," I said, "I don't see much of an opening here for a milliner, and even less for a dress shop. You know, nearly everyone buys in the larger towns. That's especially true of the women."

"There's nothing here they can buy," she replied spiritedly. "I think I can draw people. And I know I can give them the best service."

Suddenly I believed I saw something new in Daphne—something I'd never seen before, and had looked for in vain. It was a touch of humility. Was it possible she was a little afraid, and perhaps somewhat lonely? Unconsciously I must have let my face betray a touch of relief, which she promptly misinterpreted.

"It isn't easy to come back and start all over again," she said. "But I'm going to do it." Her tone became militant. "I'm going to fight to my last breath to show people I'm not what they think I am."

I loved her for those words. She had always been so glittering, so headstrong. Now, for an instant, she seemed at my level, a person needing companionship, advice, and sympathy. Figuratively speaking, I began to discard my banker's mantle as quickly as possible. But I was too slow.

Those glorious eyes of Dahpne's flashed. "But why do I tell you these things? I might have known you wouldn't understand. You bankers—you have about as much understanding of human problems

as a piece of pavement." She swept up her little silver-mounted handbag, and left my office. "I'll show you, Jim Bates. I'll make a success of business right here under your nose, right here in this poky little town. And I won't ask for another dime out of your precious bank, either."

THE soft red plume on her hat seemed to bow mockingly at me as she went through the door, and her slender form for a moment impressed me with the perfection of her gray, pin-striped suit. Daphne was devastating in her hats and suits; and her voice seemed to float back reproachfully to me from the corridor.

A few days later, she opened her business in a small building on Main Street. From then on she avoided me as I did her; and since the reports concerning her enterprise were confusing and contradictory, depending on the source from whence they came, I was unable to get a clear picture of her degree of success or failure. Secretly I hoped she'd fail, or at least not be successful enough to be able to go her own way independently. This was mean of me, but the real reason was the hope that I might have a chance to help her. Not that I expected to play easy with the bank's money, for I had some of my own. It would have raised my self-esteem immeasurably to have let her have it, so I could feel she would not be able to ignore me. My difficulty with Daphne had always been that she had never seemed to need me; it had always been I who had needed her.

Rumor became current that she had no money and was in debt, and that her business venture was but a forlorn effort to stave off bankruptcy. Of course the mortage on the Sommers home was a matter of common knowledge. You can't keep such things secret because they have to be recorded in the courthouse. It was frequently said she'd stay in Knowlton just long enough to have a final fling on the last of her father's money, then she'd be gone. But she had her defenders, too, and most of them were her admirers and customers. Whatever question had been raised on her solvency was quickly dispelled, when the first quarter's interest became due on her mortgage. She paid it promptly, adding a small token payment on the principal, but she avoided me when she came into the bank.

Mollie Dangerfield's letters came pouring back to Knowlton, meanwhile, telling her friends of the wonderful things she was seeing and doing. Tom got his share of the letters, but never dropped me a hint as to what they contained, and I took his silence as evidence that he didn't want me to know. But, to my amazement, I noticed he was beginning to develop a very close friendship with Daphne. Frequently, I saw him with her in her roadster. She seemed to find any number of odd jobs for him to perform before and after his hours at the bank. People began to talk. Maybe, Daphne was setting her cap for Tom. After all, she was only five years older than he, and they looked wonderful together. By this time I realized I was suffering my second heartache.

(To be concluded)

Photograph, courtesy Cacia F. Margetts,
President, Wells Stake Relief Society

WELLS STAKE (UTAH) COMPLETES UNIQUE MAP PROJECT FOR THEIR *MAGAZINE* CAMPAIGN

Seated, left to right: Alice Esplin; Lucy Grames; Jennie Waldram.
Standing, left to right: Stake *Magazine* representative Mabel Wood; Cleo Kelson; Merle Wennhold; Vera Bale; Leona Stoker.

Under the direction of Mabel Wood, stake *Magazine* representative, the seven wards of Wells Stake have completed a unique and useful project. These detailed and accurate maps present the status of the *Magazine* campaign in a vivid and clear-cut manner, enabling the representatives to keep their records up-to-date and to become acquainted with all the families in each ward.

Keepers of the Hearth

Ruth Harwood

Throughout the passing of the ages
Art, itself, has ever been a sacred fire
Burning on the world's hearth of culture,
With man, no longer stranger on the earth,
But warmly homing in a shrine of beauty.

You Can Learn

M Is for Money and N Is for Neighbors

Katherine Kelly

WHEN I told Tom that I would help him so that he would never have to worry about money any more I meant it from the bottom of my heart. But it is funny how even mortgages don't mean a thing when you have a sick baby. As summer cooled, and the autumn days slipped by, my little girl grew fat and rosy, and gradually I remembered that I was supposed to be a wife and helpmate, as well as a mother.

Tom never mentioned money matters, but that fall and winter he was feeding cattle again, and he watched the papers for the rise and fall of prices with quiet desperation. As I read or embroidered during the long winter evenings while the children slept, I wondered what I could do to help him. What could a woman with two little children, out on a farm, do to make money?

One day a woman asked me if I would consider making a dress for her. That was the answer! I could sew! It was the one thing I was good at. The short winter days flew by, and even the evenings weren't long enough. I really loved to sew!

For once spring came almost before I knew it. However, I did manage to plant a little garden and a row of my favorite pink sweet peas. Tom teased me about the sweet peas, but the water had to run down that row anyway. My Virginia creeper had lived through the winter and was reaching out strong, green shoots. Our little trees were big enough to make a patch of shade on the lawn, and it could be called a lawn.

I sighed with contentment as I pushed the sewing machine in front of the window. Everything was coming out all right. No one would believe Kathy had been a delicate baby to look at her now. She was the picture of health. Really a picture, I thought, as the morning sunshine made a frame about her and Ernie as they played on the floor. Ernie was diligently taking an old clock to pieces, and Kathy's little fat hands reached for the shiny pieces, but Ernie guarded them jealously.

As I pulled my chair in place and started to thread the needle, there was a sudden commotion in the field next to us. There was our new neighbor driving his horses at a gallop and pulling a mowing machine into the field of hay. Instinctively, I hunched my shoulders and partly closed my eyes, expecting the crash to come any minute. It didn't come! The man lowered the hay knife and started up the side of the field, with his horses again at a gallop. Through the open door came snatches of a song. "My Bonnie lies over . . . the . . . ocean. . . ."

I half rose to my feet and my mouth must have dropped very wide open, anyway later it was hard to shut. What on earth kind of farmer was this? It was bad enough to have strangers move into Mary's

and Joe's place, but this man must have taken leave of his senses! Mrs. Darby, his wife, had told me that they moved here to get out of the mines, but surely even a miner knew better than to drive horses at a gallop when he was trying to cut hay!

It was at this stage that I brought my jaws very firmly together and my lips drew into a thin line. Ernie had deserted his precious clock and stood with me at the window. It was just as I stooped to save the clock from Kathy, or Kathy from the clock, that I heard the crash. By the time I was back to the window the horses were going off through the field dragging parts of the machinery with them. Mr. Darby had picked himself up and was surveying his broken mowing machine. Well, it served him right.

BUT I melted a little and walked to the fence with Kathy in my arms as I saw Mrs. Darby run through the field to see if her husband was hurt. Foolish as he was, there was something about his wife I couldn't help liking.

Later, when she sank down on my porch steps all weak and shaking, I felt sorry for her.

I asked her in the house and put a chair by the machine. We could talk while I sewed, for this getting rich by sewing was a slow enough process when I didn't waste any time. We talked about farms and mines and ended up, as women do, with men in general.

Her sharp eyes watched me as I carefully arranged the black satin under the machine so that the painted design on the front would not get rubbed.

"What on earth are you sewing on?" she finally burst forth, "that certainly isn't a dress for you?"

"Oh, no, it's for one of mother's friends, see," I said as I proudly held it up for inspection. "I get paid more for my sewing because I can do this fabric painting for trimming. Isn't the silver pretty on black?"

"Painting?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, I took a class in it at school, and I love it. I stenciled my own curtains, too, and I painted those bluebirds on the oilcloth."

I was just warming up to my favorite subject when she stopped me with an astonished look and asked, "But how do you get time for all that sort of thing, and why do you waste time doing that when you are a farmer's wife?"

"It isn't wasting time! I get paid more for my sewing because of the painting, and goodness knows, we can use the money. Farming may be safer than mining, but there surely isn't much cash in it. I promised Tom I'd do what I could to make some money to pay on the mortgage this fall."

"Well of all things!" she said in astonishment, "and here they warned me that I musn't pattern after you, because you were such a poor farmer's wife!"

My cheeks flamed and my lungs felt like they would burst. A poor farmer's wife! Again, and I had tried so hard!

"But why don't you help your husband like other farmer's wives do? Farmer's wives are supposed to do the milking and other chores, all the women out in Hardscrabble do. That would help your husband more than all the sewing you can

do. How much have you earned at it, anyway?"

"WELL, I only have seventeen dollars in cash but . . . And I did milk the cows while Tom was ill, but Tom doesn't want his wife to milk cows."

"Fiddle, they all do. And what's seventeen dollars!" she said scornfully. "Well, you can do things your way, but I'm going to raise a garden instead of flowers, do the chores, and raise some turkeys. Now there's an idea for *you!* Why don't you take your seventeen dollars and buy a start of *turkeys?*" Her eyes shone with enthusiasm and she hurried on, "I have an aunt out in Hardscrabble who makes more money raising turkeys than her husband does on the farm. She is going to tell me just how to do it. I could tell you, and we could learn together."

"But Mrs. Darby," I said with dignity, "I hate turkeys! I can't even stand chickens, except I like to gather the eggs. Besides I'm allergic to feathers."

"Stuff and nonsense," she said, making me look her straight in the eyes, "you just think you are too good to raise turkeys." And, after what seemed like a lifetime, and the clatter of the broken pieces of my vanity finally quieted down, she continued, "You might like it, turkeys lay eggs, you know, and you can call me Thelma."

That wasn't at all what I felt like calling her as she walked across the field toward Mary's house. The nerve of the woman! It was I who should be telling her what to do. She, whose husband didn't even know enough to cut hay! Oh, if only Mary were back in her own house! If only I could throw myself in her arms and sob my heart out.

No matter what I tried to do, all day I kept hearing those words over and over, "Turkeys lay eggs. She makes more money raising turkeys than her husband does on the farm . . . . You just think you are too good to raise turkeys. . . ."

When Tom came in that evening I tried half a dozen times before the words finally came out haltingly, "Tom, do you think . . . I could raise turkeys?"

"Raise turkeys! What's got into you now? You can't even pick a chicken."

"But I wouldn't have to pick them, would I? Couldn't I just raise them? Mrs. Darby says her aunt makes more money raising turkeys than they do on the farm."

"It might be all right. I have thought some about it, but I haven't any money to invest in turkeys. Besides, by the time we get them raised, they probably wouldn't be worth anything either."

"But Tom, Mrs. Darby—er—Thelma, says her aunt is going to sell her some hens for three dollars apiece, and you can buy a gobbler for eight. I have seventeen dollars saved up. Will you go out there and buy me three hens and a gobbler?"

"Kate! You're not serious! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, Tom, I mean now, *tonight.*"

I couldn't let Tom hear that voice mocking me, "You think you are too good to raise turkeys." But if a good farmer's wife raised turkeys, and there was money in it, *then I'd raise turkeys, too.*

ON BEING ONE'S BEST SELF

Caroline Eyring Miner

A person should have at least one "uncomfortable friend"—someone who makes one dress up himself, his house, his car, his thoughts, his words, in their very best clothes. And one should see this friend every once in a while—often enough to tone him up.

"Well, Eunice must be coming to see us," my husband says when he sees me polishing the silver, waxing the floors, arranging balanced and artistic bouquets about the house, urging the children and him to put on their best clothes, because, well, yes, because Eunice is coming.

I don't like Eunice any better than I like others of my friends, but she is good for me. She keeps me from getting careless, from "running down at the heels," in other words.

She is herself very precise about all her things: her clothes, her home, her car, her children, her speech, and more important, for me at any rate, she makes me feel when she is around that I must be the same.

"I just feel Eunice can see right through me," I've remarked. "I really feel provoked at her for making me feel so uncomfortable!" However that is, I believe it is a good thing for me. Other times I never seem to know and use so many choice words, such careful English; I never resolve to get my hair done so often and reduce my hips more zealously; I never try to bring forth my best thoughts and words and arrange them more meticulously; I never brush the cobwebs off everything I have and am more enthusiastic than when Eunice is there to spur me on.

I'm definitely uncomfortable around Eunice. She would be bad steady fare, as friends go, but she is a good tonic for me.

October Song

Marvin Jones

Beige as the mourning fawn that seeks the doe
Along the creek, where browning willows add
Their sober color to the sumac's glow,
So is October's song both gay and sad.
The fawn will turn into the wind and raise
Its soft throat to the swift spears of the sun,
Its silvered coat of willow-bronze will blaze
With mark of season-change that has begun.
And shall the timid willows know less of
The frailness of grass—the touch of wind
Than all the fire of sumac or the love
Of fawn for doe that winter-flow has thinned?
Or do the willows know in every season
October's paining heart—her range of reason?

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

BAZAARS, SOCIALS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Delila Flint

NORTH DAVIS STAKE (UTAH), LAYTON SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT SOCIAL, June 6, 1950

Seated, left to right: Ruby Hickenlooper (1935-41); Maud Watt (1924-26); Irene Doney (1926-35); Mary Call (1944-49).

Standing, left to right: Mable Stephenson (1941-44); Amanda Hill (1916-19); Delila Flint (1949-).

This social honored all living Relief Society presidents of the Layton Second Ward, organized in June 1895. The luncheon tables were beautifully decorated with flowers, and a large birthday cake was decorated with fifty-five gold and blue candles, and the names of the presidents were written on the cake. Margaret Masters, *Deseret News* food commentator provided the entertainment. Each president was presented with a booklet containing a poem or tribute written by Kate Zesiger. All living past presidents attended, except Sister Emma Corbridge, who, at the age of ninety-eight, was ill and unable to attend.

Pearl W. Burton is president of North Davis Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Georgina F. Richards

NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION, MCMINNVILLE DISTRICT (OREGON) RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, June 18, 1950

Officers, seated, front row, left to right: First Counselor Lucile Aldridge; Second Counselor Nina Humphrey; President LaPreal Johnson; Georgina F. Richards, President, Northwestern States Mission Relief Society; Freda Geurts, former district Relief Society president; Secretary Melba Duncan.

These women represent Relief Society organizations in Astoria, Hillsboro, McMinnville, Newberg, Seaside, Silverton, Tillamook, Vernonia, and Woodburn.

Photograph submitted by Georgia R. Livingston

EASTERN STATES MISSION, YORK, UTICA, AND JAMESTOWN BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Center photograph, York (Pennsylvania) Branch Relief Society celebrates Anniversary Day at a banquet. Seated at the head table in the rear, are: First Counselor Anna Mae Strayer; President Sylvia Palsgrove; Georgia R. Livingston, President, Eastern States Mission Relief Society.

Photograph in left-hand corner, officers of the Utica (New York) Branch Relief Society, left to right: President Mabel B. Downing; Second Counselor Isabel Douglas; First Counselor Geraldine Ryan.

Photograph in right-hand corner, Jamestown (New York) Branch Relief Society women display attractive quilt, left to right: Agda Larson; Madge Fredrickson; Hedvig Bergquist; Esther Strom.

Photograph submitted by Verna L. Dewsnup

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH), IVINS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY BAZAAR

Left to right: Belle Reber; Jetta Reber; Second Counselor Nellie Burk; President Mata Ence; First Counselor Lula Tobler; Olive Tobler; Myrtle Gubler; Martha Hafen; Enid Ence; Lillie Ence.

Verna L. Dewsnup, President, St. George Stake Relief Society, reports that the members of this small ward are very active in Relief Society work, especially in handicraft. The Ivins Ward Relief Society was the first organization in St. George Stake to send in their 100 per cent Relief Society Building Fund quota.

Photograph submitted by Nan A. Lindsay

UNION STAKE (OREGON), WALLOWA COUNTY BRANCH EXHIBITS QUILTS MADE IN WORK MEETINGS, March 1950

Seated around the quilt, left to right: Grace Davis; Berniece Atwood; Berniece Davis; Della Lewis; Ann McCormick; Sister Wright.

Standing, left to right: Anna Clough; Zell Dieterle; Nellie Stringham; First Counselor Eva Bartmess; President Erma Blaisdell; Second Counselor Rose Clough; Secretary Orpha Lamb; Norma Basim; Leah Collins; Anna Makin.

Nan A. Lindsay is president of Union Stake Relief Society.

Photographs submitted by Kou Taylor

NEVADA STAKE, WARD AND BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS; ELY WARD OFFICERS; AND McGILL WARD ANNUAL BAZAAR

Top photograph, presidents of the four wards and one branch of Nevada Stake, left to right: Agnes Sorenson (Ruth Ward); Hope Broadbent (Ely Ward); Ella Fawcett (Lund Ward); Zelma Dearden (Garrison Branch); Pearl Johnson (McGill Ward).

These five presidents met to congratulate and honor Sister Fawcett (center) on her long record of service. She has been the Lund Ward Relief Society president for

twenty-one years, and has never missed a meeting because of her own ill health, even though she had a broken leg at one time. She has missed meetings only to care for others. Zelma Dearden has been president of the Garrison Branch Relief Society for eighteen years. The five women in this photograph represent 130 years of service to Relief Society. "Be Not Weary in Well-Doing" might well be their motto, for they are all full of love and enthusiasm for Relief Society work.

Center photograph, officers of Ely Ward Relief Society and two Salt Lake City visitors, left to right: Augusta N. Stobbe, Counselor in the University Ward (Salt Lake City) Relief Society; Vivian Rees, Secretary, Ely Ward; Fern Robinson, chorister, Ely Ward; Brigitta Clyde, Stadium Village Branch, Salt Lake City; Hope Broadbent, President, Ely Ward; Marietta Call, First Counselor, Ely Ward; Leah Bunderson, Second Counselor, Ely Ward.

Sister Cylde was a guest speaker for the social science lesson in May 1950. She spoke before the Relief Society women of Nevada Stake. She stressed the importance of the social science lessons and discussed conditions in Germany and Austria. A convert to the Church, and a war bride, Sister Clyde expressed her great appreciation for her new home in America. She was accompanied to Nevada Stake by Sister Stobbe.

Bottom photograph, officers of McGill Ward Relief Society, assembled at their annual bazaar, left to right: work meeting leader, Finis Crane; Counselor Leona Johnson; President Pearl Johnson; work director Sue Anderson; Secretary Bernice Roy Lance.

This bazaar was held in connection with a very successful food sale, and the funds raised were used to purchase a new electric range for the chapel kitchen.

Koa Taylor is president of Nevada Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Florence Pace

CARBON STAKE (UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE SERVED MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS HONORED, June 2, 1950

Seated, in front, left to right: Sarah Jane Warren of the Price Fourth Ward; Margaret Ann Horsley of the Price First Ward; Jane Morley, Price Fourth Ward; Harriet Pierce, Wellington Ward.

Fifty copies of *A Centenary of Relief Society*, and sixteen Relief Society pins were given to the visiting teachers in recognition and appreciation of their many years of faithful service.

Florence Pace is president of Carbon Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Leone R. Bowring

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, MONROE (LOUISIANA) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY ANNUAL BANQUET

Front row, left to right: Truena Love; Lillian Smith, First Counselor; La Faye Hudnall, President; Doris Tynes; Leila Crider, Second Counselor; Francis Monk, Secretary; Barbara Hatcher, district visiting teacher leader.

Second row, left to right: Phyllis Earl; Margaret Riser; Irma Crider; Cecile Rugg; Anne Bivins; Alice Hollman; Dovie Lawson; Martha Tucker; Hazel Stokes; Marcile Roberts.

Leone R. Bowring is president of the Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Maurine Nelson

STAR VALLEY STAKE (WYOMING) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, May 21, 1950

Stake board members, appearing in the picture, are: Second Counselor and organist, Ressa Chadwick, second from the right in the front row; stake chorister Lily Jensen, at the right in the first row; pianist Ada Gamm, at the right on the second row; stake board member Leola Allred, third from the left on the third row; stake board member Rula Crook, second from the right on the fourth row; Stake President Nellie B. Jensen, fifth from the right on the back row.

Some of these women traveled as far as fifty miles to sing with the group for stake conference.

Photograph submitted by Almina Coody

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, NORTH FRESNO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN PARTICIPATE IN RUGMAKING PROJECT

Front row, left to right: Val Stringfellow; Hazel Forrest; Elizabeth Faulkner; Lyle Coombs; Nellie Atwood; Eunice Ellefsen; Doris Hardy; DeLoris Fawns; Gladys Dinestead.

Second row, left to right: Sarah Sessions; Annette Crain; Aileen Robinson; Lydia McCauley; Dagmar Steele; Gladys Hansen; Frances Allred; Alberta Ledbetter.

Third row, left to right: Goldie Nelson; Alvera Hatch; Marinda Berg; Myrtle Butler; Twila Horn; Elda Petty; Ann Ferguson; Hazel Hopkins.

Fourth row, left to right: Ruby Enns; Charlotte Taylor; Hilda Agar; Darlene Anderson; Leah Hansen; Helen Lambourne; President Almina Coody.

During the summer of 1949, Lydia McCauley, who was then branch Relief Society president, taught a group of women the art of making hooked rugs. When the problem of buying a rug for the Relief Society room in the new chapel presented itself, Sister McCauley conceived the idea of making a hooked rug large enough to cover the room from wall to wall, the actual size being fifty-four square yards. First a pattern was chosen and then drawn on twenty pieces of monk's cloth. These were tacked to frames and stretched, then delivered to the homes of the women who were to hook the rugs. Woolen materials were collected from members, and some materials were purchased. The total cost was sixty-seven dollars. When the finished pieces were collected they were steam pressed and trimmed and finally taken to the Relief Society room where the pieces were sewn together by hand. The photograph shows a part of the rug.

Amelia P. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

Are you not dependent on your faith, or belief, for the acquisition of all knowledge, wisdom, and intelligence? . . . Would you have ever sown, if you had not believed that you would reap? Would you have ever planted, if you had not believed that you would gather? . . . . Or, would you have ever knocked, unless you had believed that it would have been opened unto you? In a word, is there anything you would have done, either physical or mental, if you had not previously believed? Are not all your exertions of every kind, dependent on your faith? (Lectures on Faith 1:11)

Home Is Where You Make It

(Continued from page 667)

wouldn't object to a tiny, newborn baby."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" smiled the landlord, and switched off the light and turned toward the door. "Little tiny, newborn babies grow up into yelling, howling infants, and then into noisy, rowdy, destructive kids. And it's too hard to get tenants out. Nope."

Helping her into the car, Hal said, "You didn't have to tell him, Cherry."

"Yes, I did," she answered, and sat silent while they drove back to the hotel.

The next day, as soon as Hal had gone, Cherry went to the phone and dialed her mother's number.

"'Mother," she said sweetly, "I'm giving up. No luck, darling. Will it put you out too much, Mother? I mean, may we come back?"

"Oh, darling!" Her mother sounded genuinely regretful. "I wish you could! But Helen Gray called me yesterday—she hasn't a place to go, you know—they sold the house right over their heads—their landlord did, I mean. And she seemed so lost and helpless and so desperate to find a place. I told her to come out and look at your old room—and she did—and she is moving her things in tonight. Oh, darling, I'm so sorry; Daddy will be furious. But Hal said you were going to find something."

"It's okay, Mother," Cherry managed. "I'm glad it's Helen."

"So am I," her mother sighed. "She will be company for me. I'll confess I've missed you two children more than I ever dreamed I would, but I know it's for the best."

SHE had to tell Hal, and she did it as courageously as she could.

"I was a fool, Hal, a silly, spoiled little fool. I didn't have any sense. Oh, what if mother did try to punish me in the old way—maybe, like you said, she wasn't even trying to. Hal, she didn't even sound mad at me."

"She isn't mad, darling. She's a peach."

"What did you tell her, Hal, exactly?"

"I didn't tell her how you said you felt toward her. I just said we were going to stay in town till we found a place. But I guess she knew."

"I guess she did," Cherry murmured thoughtfully. "Where do we go from here?"

They packed their suitcase, which Hal had gone back home and brought Cherry that first day they had spent in town. They went downstairs and paid their bill, and Hal tucked it into his pocket, refusing to let Cherry get a glimpse of it. They got into the car.

"Let's try a motor court," he suggested. "That wouldn't be so expensive."

Cherry sat very still beside Hal as he drove out to the south of town. Motor court after motor court they passed, each with a sign, "No Vacancy." Then they came to one that had no such sign, but when Hal went into the office and talked to the clerk, he came out again,

grim and silent, and they drove on.

"Hal," Cherry said timidly, "any place would do—any at all. You've got to get some sleep. You have to work tomorrow."

"Not that place, honey," he said shortly.

"Drive home, Hal," she said at last, wearily. "I'll get Mother to let us spread a blanket on the basement floor. After all, even that is better than anything we've seen."

Hal looked at her.

"You sure you want to, darling? If we go back, we'll probably have to stay until after the baby is born. There'll be lots of things . . ."

"There'd be lots of things anywhere, Hal," Cherry answered, speaking slowly. "Lots of things that would be harder to bear than Mother's little peculiarities—lots of things that would be worse for our son than a doting grandmother and grandfather."

When Hal kissed her, Cherry thought she saw diamonds on his lashes, and her own throat grew tight. He really liked her folks, he really liked living there.

Her parents were sitting in the porch swing when they drove into the yard.

"Darling!" her mother cried, jumping up and running toward her.

Cherry threw herself into her mother's arms, as if she had been gone a year instead of four days.

"Oh, Mother!" she whispered. "Oh, Mother, I'm glad to be home!"

Her father was standing there, smiling foolishly, cheerfully.

"Dad," she cried, and gave him a quick hug.

Then she said bravely, "Mother, Dad, may Hal and I come back? Oh, I know about Helen," she interrupted, "but we'll be glad to stay anywhere. In the basement, maybe. There's that old army cot we used to take camping, and dad's bedroll. We can fix a place—anything for tonight—and tomorrow we can fix something. We'll try not to be too much bother."

"Cherry, darling, listen!" Her mother made herself heard. "Your old room is all ready. Helen isn't coming, after all. I phoned her and she said Ted's mother would take them in."

"Oh, Mother!" Cherry couldn't say any more for a minute. Then she turned to Hal. "You see before you the world's most foolish girl, transformed in one hard lesson into a wise woman."

"I've some lemonade and ginger cookies ready," her mother said, "sit down and I'll get them."

Cherry nuzzled close to her father, and his hand went out and touched her arm, gently, understandingly. Suddenly Cherry wondered about Helen Gray, about her own room being ready. But as she had just said, she was a wise woman now. She snuggled close, and shut her mouth tight like her Mother did.

"This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all . . . doubt and division."

—John Ruskin

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 28—"The Resurrection and the Ascension"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 37.)

For Tuesday, January 2, 1951

Objective: To create faith in the power of Jesus Christ over death and to show that his resurrection and ascension were real.

Christ Is Risen

SOMETIME before dawn on the most memorable and the most important Sunday in history, an angel came down in glory and rolled back the stone from the portal of the Savior's tomb. The Roman soldiers were so paralyzed with fear that they fell to earth as dead men. As soon as they regained sufficient strength, they deserted their posts and fled. Ordinarily such desertion was punishable by death. The seal of authority had been broken; the tomb was empty.

Very early in the morning, Mary Magdalene and other devout women came to assist in further anointing the body of the Lord. They brought spices and ointments according to the custom of that day. No doubt, they intended to supplement the work so hurriedly done by Joseph and Nicodemus. They said among themselves as they walked: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" They were afraid when they saw the angel, but he spoke to them saying:

> Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you (Matt. 28:5-7).

It seemed difficult even for the followers of Jesus to realize the literalness of the resurrection. Although she had heard the angel direct her to go and tell the disciples that he had risen, Mary Magdalene still told Peter and others that they had taken the Lord out of the sepulchre. It is noticeable that a devout group of women were first apprised of the resurrection of Jesus. Naturally, Peter and "that other disciple," probably John, hurried to the sepulchre and discovered that it was empty. They found the linen which had been wrapped around Jesus' head and body. Note the details of the account. Having seen these things, John believed.

A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Hofmann (1824-1894)

THE CHRIST

He explains, in behalf of himself and the other apostles, "For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead." Now he believed.

These two then departed, but Mary Magdalene lingered. She looked into the tomb and there saw two personages. They asked: "Woman, why weepest thou?" She replied sorrowfully: "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." As she turned from the tomb she saw a personage who made almost the same inquiry: "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" It was Jesus speaking, but Mary did not recognize him until in familiar tones he said: "Mary." Then, she turned herself and said "Rabboni," Master. In an ecstasy of joy she would have embraced him, but he restrained her and said:

> Touch me not; (In revised version, "Take not hold of me") for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God (John 20:11-17).

It is worthwhile to consider that to a woman was given the honor of being first to see a resurrected soul —the Lord Jesus. He manifested himself to at least three other faithful women before he appeared to his apostles. An angel of the Lord also appeared to these women near the empty sepulchre and proclaimed to them the glorious tidings: "He is not here: for he is risen." Jesus met these women on the way back to Jerusalem, "And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him" (Matt. 28:10).

Between his meeting Mary Magdalene and the event just mentioned, Jesus had probably been to see his Father. When the women told their surprising story to the disciples, the brethren could not believe them. Even the apostles could not accept the actuality of the resurrection. They seemed to have looked upon it as something for the distant future. After all, there was nothing in their experiences or history with which they could compare it. A man had lived among them. He ate with them, mingled with them, taught them, and had been put to death before the eyes of many of them. Now he was with them again in a real body of flesh and bone. While the apostles doubted, the women knew. They had seen and heard him; they had touched that sacred body. They knew their Redeemer lived.

A Priestly Conspiracy of Falsehood

It will be recalled that many of the chief priests were Sadducees who did not believe in the resurrection from the dead. When the Roman soldiers who had guarded the sepulchre reported to them the supernatural things they had seen, a meeting of the Sanhedrin was called and the disturbing report was considered. The high priests decided upon a scheme and offered the soldiers large sums of money to say, "His disciples came by night, and stole him away while we slept." The soldiers accepted the proposal as the best way out of their dilemma. So the wicked story went abroad among the Jews. However, many accepted the evidence of the resurrection and openly joined the

Church. Even many of the priests "were obedient to the faith" (Acts 6:7).

Christ Walks and Talks with Two of the Disciples

The Lord appeared to various of his disciples so that the evidence of his resurrection does not come to us from only a few favored ones. Two believers, but who evidently were not apostles, left Jerusalem for Emmaus that fateful Sunday afternoon. One of the brethren was named Cleopas. The distance was about seven miles and they had time for conversation on the one topic uppermost in the minds of all the disciples. As they earnestly talked, another personage joined them. Soon he asked of the two: "What manner of communications are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?" Cleopas replied: "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" It was Jesus who walked with the two. In sorrow they told him of the great work done by the Messiah and how the rulers and high priests had put him to death. They further told him that "certain women" had visited the sepulchre that morning and that an angel had told them that Jesus was alive, and the tomb was empty.

Jesus chided these men for being slow of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken; and explained to them the scriptures concerning his mission. He accepted their urgent invitation to enter the house to which they were going and, as the guest of honor, he took the proffered loaf, "blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight." They quickly returned to Jerusalem and added their testimonies to the rapidly growing number who had seen the risen Redeemer (Luke 24:19-33).

The Risen Lord Appears to the Disciples in Jerusalem and Eats in Their Presence.

The faithful followers in Jerusalem met frequently in solemn assemblies. The testimonies of the two returning brethren from Emmaus were related to the group who were meeting behind closed doors. Peter also had a visit from the Master. We may be sure that a great change had come over the now repentant Peter. He had every reason to know that he was forgiven for his weakness in denying that he knew Jesus. Never again did he shrink from danger in giving his testimony concerning Jesus, the Son of God.

While the disciples were in the meeting listening to Cleopas and his companion, "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you." They were afraid at first but the Lord spoke to them saying: "Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." He was no "shadowy form" but a living being with a real body. To convince them more of his reality he asked for meat. He took the broiled fish

and other food which they passed to him "and did eat before them" (Luke 24:42-43). Could anything be more real? In addition to all this he again left his peace with them, and "breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained" (John 20:21-23). This must not be mistaken for the endowment or gift of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost which will be discussed in our next lesson.

Doubting Thomas

Thomas, one of the apostles, was not present at the evening meeting on the Resurrection Sunday. At first he did not believe the testimony of those who had seen and heard the Lord. He said: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." There are many "doubting Thomases" today, many who insist that we must see before we know. Thomas, no doubt, had but little confidence in the women, in Peter, and in the larger group at the meeting. He wanted to see and touch the resurrected body of flesh and bones. It was some eight days later or the next Sunday when Thomas assembled with the disciples.

Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing.

Thomas was convinced. He exclaimed: "My Lord and my God." Jesus told him that because he had seen it he had believed, but blessed are they that have not seen and yet believe. (Read John 20:24-28.)

At the Sea of Galilee

Obedient to instruction, the apostles left Jerusalem about a week after the resurrection and went into Galilee. While they were waiting for further instructions, seven of them went fishing one evening. In fact, they worked all night and had not caught any fish. As they came back at early dawn, a voice from the shore called to them: "Children, have ye any meat." (In those days the salutation, "children" was equivalent to our use of "sirs" or "men.") Jesus had made the inquiry and they replied "No." They did not recognize him and he said to them: "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." They did this and caught more fish than they could draw into the boat.

John was the first to recognize the Lord. He said unto Peter: "It is the Lord." "Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land full of great fishes." The men recognized the miracle as the net did not break because of the overload. Jesus had already built a fire and laid fish on it for them. This was the third time that the Lord had shown himself to this group (John 21:3-14). It was the seventh time he had appeared since his resurrection.

After the meal was finished, the great Teacher gave one of his wonderful lessons: "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Three

times, in substance, this question was asked of Peter. Each time the apostle replied: "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." The first time Jesus answered and said to Peter, "Feed my lambs," and the second and third time the question was asked, Jesus said: "Feed my sheep" (John 21:15-17).

How impressive the lesson! Peter was receiving a great commission. John tells us that the Lord indicated to Peter that he would be called on to suffer a martyr's death for the truth (John 21:18-19). Peter also later referred to it (2 Peter 1:14). It was upon this occasion that Jesus also made reference concerning John's future:

> . . . If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me. Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? (John 21:22-23).

Later revelation tells us that John still remains in the flesh (D. & C. section 7).

Jesus also met his apostles on a mountain in Galilee. Others were also present at that meeting (Matt. 28:16-18).

The Final Commission and the Ascension

From the scriptures we learn that Jesus made at least eleven appearances at various times between his resurrection and ascension. There can be no doubt but that he gave many instructions on "the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" (Acts 1:3). Of course, many things he said are not recorded. John tells us that the things that are recorded, ". . . are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name" (John 20:31). Some of these instructions were to the apostles. Unto them he said: ". . . Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." He then promised that signs and blessings should be given to the believers (Mark 16:15-18; see also Matt. 28:19-20).

The final hours of the Savior upon earth in that great dispensation were drawing to a close. He told the apostles they were not to know the time when his kingdom would finally be restored. That was known only to the Father. The Holy Ghost would lead them in their great missions of preaching the gospel.

They journeyed on until they came to Bethany. The Lord then blessed them and ascended into heaven. As he arose a cloud received him out of their sight. While they stood gazing into heaven, two personages, robed in white, spoke to them, saying: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven (Acts 1:11).

Note the naturalness and the realness of the event, "Shall so come in like manner." It would not be as a great universal, immaterial spirit that he would come, but as the material being who was resurrected—an immortal, celestialized body of flesh and bones.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Sometime during the meeting at which this lesson is studied, it would be very appropriate to sing, *I Know That My Redeemer Lives.*

2. Discuss the events leading to the resurrection. Why is it one of the most important events of all times?

3. What convinces you that the resurrection was and is a reality?

4. Describe the ascension. In what form will Christ come the second time?

References in the Gospels

Matt. 10:5, 6; 24:36; 26:32, 33, 70, 72, 74; 27:65, 66; 28:1-7, 9, 10-20.
Mark 13:32; 14:28, 29; 16:1-18.
Luke 5:4-10; 22:33; 24:1-51.
John 12:42; 13:37; 14:16, 17, 26; 15:26; 16:7, 13; 20:1-31; 21:1-23.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 12—"For What Shall It Profit a Man, If He Shall Gain the Whole World, and Lose His Own Soul?" (Mark 8:36).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, January 2, 1951

Objective: To stress that the chief aim of life should be the saving of the soul of man.

TO make New Year resolutions is an old-fashioned idea, but a good one. For how can we develop if we do not make a conscious effort to do so, and when could a more logical time be found to take stock of ourselves, with a view to improvement, than at the commencement of the year? Good resolves made at any time are worthwhile (provided, of course, that they are followed with purposeful action) but, to repeat, they are particularly so at New Year's.

Some people consider it unnecessary to pursue a concerted effort in character development, preferring just to drift along in their day-by-day living, and yet, as one writer says, "Man is the master of thought, the moulder of character, the maker and shaper of condition, environment, and destiny."

Even those thoughtless or careless individuals referred to, if contemplating the building of a tangible structure, would not think of commencing it without a well-formulated plan. The gospel might be termed a blueprint of our Heavenly Father's plan of life.

It was to impress upon us that the enticements of the world will lead us away from God's plan, that our Savior asked the question, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8:36). From the time of our first parents, we have had to meet and overcome the temptations of the world. Even the Savior was tempted of Satan,

who promised him the kingdoms of earth and the glories thereof if he would but worship him.

In our own time, we must be conscious of the false gods that beckon to entice us away from right living. One of these might be called by the name of *vanity*. The desire for undue wealth, for show, for worldly honors and the plaudits of men, with attendant power, have all too often led to spiritual downfall.

Another false god might be termed *indolence*. To quote from a talk given by President David O. McKay to a group of seminary teachers:

> Indolence is seeking something for nothing. When a man shuns effort, he is in no position to resist temptation. So, through all the ages, idleness has been known as the parent of all the vices.

If the mind and body are not kept usefully employed, worthless activities will be engaged in. "Vulgarity weakens the mind," says President McKay:

> It is vulgar to like poor music, to read weak books, to feed on sensational newspapers, to find amusement in trashy novels, to enjoy vulgar theatres, to find pleasure in cheap jokes, to tolerate coarseness and looseness in any of their myriad forms.

We must beware of self indulgence. Intemperance comes under this head and unchastity. "Indulgence which leads to licentiousness will kill spirituality more quickly than anything else in this world" (President McKay).

May we all resolve to be strong enough in our individual lives that we may develop a true sense of values and understand the full import of Christ's question, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Work Meeting—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4—Slipcovers and Dressing Table Skirts

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, January 9, 1951

(Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot, chapters 36, 37, and 41.)

THOUGHTFUL selection of slipcovers can play an important part in the success of your home decorating. They provide an easy means by which you can use your imagination, ingenuity, and sewing skills to give your home a new freshness and charm.

Slipcovers can be used in practically every room of your home. In your living room you can cover sofas, daybeds, all types of chairs, stools, and hassocks. Dining room chairs can be slipcovered in a variety of ways to add interest and introduce pattern into a room which might

otherwise be plain. Bedroom chairs and stools, even cedar chests, can be slipcovered effectively. The fabric you choose and the style you select can be elaborate or simple, depending upon the spirit you wish to portray.

You can have your slipcovers made by an upholsterer, but you will find it is both stimulating and economical to make them yourself. They are not difficult to make. There are excellent patterns and sewing instructions which can be followed easily, and in making your own you will have the joy which comes from creating something useful and lovely.

There are a great many uses for slipcovers in your home decorating. Some of the more practical of these include:

1. To protect new furniture from wear, fading, and dust.

2. To fit an odd piece of furniture into your decorative scheme. A piece of upholstered furniture, which is out of harmony with the rest of the room, can, by the use of an appropriate slipcover, be made to fit in and become an integral part of your decorative scheme.

3. To renew old pieces of furniture. Outmoded or poorly styled furniture can be made to look new and up-to-date with the right slipcover.

4. To economize in decorating. If furniture is old, the use of slipcovers can prove a real economy by enabling you to postpone expensive reupholstering or the purchase of new furniture.

In choosing the correct fabrics for your slipcovers, there are several important points to keep in mind. First, the material you select should be of excellent quality and should be in harmony with the general spirit of your room. It is a false economy to use time, thought, and money in the making of a slipcover unless you use serviceable, good wearing material. If you use an expensive material on one piece of furniture, do not use a cheap material in another slipcover in the same room. The material you use for all your slipcovers should be in harmony with the rest of your room's decorations. Although, with the great variety of fabrics which are available today, you can mix various types in the same room, you should make sure harmonious materials are selected. For example, of course, you would not use denim slipcovers in a room with satin draperies.

The second point to keep in mind is that slipcovers offer a real opportunity to help co-ordinate your color scheme. If a piece of upholstered furniture seems too large for the size of your room, you can make it appear to be smaller and better proportioned by covering it in a simply styled, well-tailored slipcover made of plain material in a color which matches your walls. If the walls of your room are wallpapered, you might use the background of the paper as the suggestion of the color of the sofa slipcover. In almost every instance, if you are making a slipcover for a large sofa or daybed, these pieces will look better covered in a plain colored fabric which blends in either with your walls or with your carpet.

A third point to remember is that if you are slipcovering more than one piece of furniture in a room, the "rule of three" is a good guide to follow. (Remember, if too many patterns are used in one room they produce a confused, cramped feeling.) The "rule of three" states

that, in most rooms, we should use no more than one basic pattern, plus a stripe (or dot), and the rest a plain color. This means that if you have a large patterned wallpaper or rug, your slipcovers should be predominantly plain colored, with possibly one chair covered in a stripe. If your draperies are of a patterned material, you can achieve a harmonious effect by using that same patterned material on one or more pieces of furniture in your room, provided the material itself is of suitable quality, such as chintz. By repeating the same pattern in a room, you can achieve a friendly, hospitable, informal spirit.

Many of the same guides we use in choosing slipcovers can be applied to dressing table skirts. The dressing table is one item of furniture with which you can use a great deal of imagination and where you can truly express your own taste and desires. Dressing table skirts can be very frilly and feminine, tailored and reserved, or sophisticated and even ornate. The skirt can be ruffled, pleated, or straight, depending on the spirit you wish to create. Solid colored or patterned material can be used, or a combination of two materials is often interesting. However, there is one rule to remember, a dressing table must not look isolated. It must bear a relationship to the other furnishings in the bedroom. For a unified feeling in your bedroom, the dressing table skirt should be the same general style and material as your draperies, curtains, or bedspread.

To repeat, slipcovers and dressing table skirts can do much to express your individuality in your home. In addition to being a source of economy, they can bring color and life into your home furnishings.

Discussion Points

1. Show the importance of serviceability in choosing material for slipcovers. Stress the importance of choosing fabrics which are firmly woven and sunfast. (See textbook, page 240.)

2. Discuss the important details to watch when making slipcovers. (See textbook, pages 244, 245, and 246.)

3. Discuss measurements for slipcovers. Call attention to the necessity, where a patterned fabric is used, to allow extra yardage for centering the pattern. (See textbook, page 284.)

4. Discuss various ways of making economical dressing tables and dressing tables which will fit into corners instead of taking valuable wall space. (See textbook, page 251.)

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 12—Richard Steele and Joseph Addison

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, January 16, 1951

THE latter part of the seventeenth century following the restoration of Charles II to the English throne in 1660, was one of the most immoral periods in modern history. The gay world of glitter was fashioned solely to please the King and his cavalier court.

A Perry Picture

RICHARD STEELE

The Restoration Age was dominated by the morals of Catholicism and wealthy, wicked France—both of which winked knowingly at sins of the flesh. It was contemptuous of what to them seemed dull, strict Puritanism. The drama became so lax and morally calloused as to approach grossness. The age also desired to live a brittle, artificial life conforming to the reasoned patterns of the classical Greeks and Romans.

When, in 1698, the clergyman Jeremy Collier published his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, such a reaction against excess was long overdue. Actually it was not merely the drama which had "debauched the age." The vain, cynical, dissolute philosophies which the elite classes believed in, led to their debauchery; the drama was but the most important tool employed toward such an end. (Again study text, pp. 721-733.)

So long as the King was popular and all-powerful, no one dared rebuke him. It was after Protestant William and Mary came to the throne, in 1688, that the power of a new middle class, both in town and country, began to assert itself in moral standards, literature, and entertainment, as well as in economics, politics, and religion. From within this class came the inevitable reaction against Restoration shallowness and immorality. From this class, as well, came those masters of English prose who skillfully felt the pulse of the age. They, first, stated in words the hate of sham, and emphasized the love of virtue and industry which were in England's heart, but of which her sons were scarcely aware.

"It is no small thing to make morality fashionable," wrote Hippolyte Taine, a famous critic, of Steele and Addison; yet that was one of their great accomplishments. Another was the manner in which they led, rather than drove, the English people in the direction they felt best. As their contemporary, dramatist John Gay, said of them, they ventured to tell the people that they were a parcel of fops, fools, and vain coquettes; but in such a manner as even pleased them, and made them even more than half inclined to believe that they spoke the truth.

Sir Richard Steele was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1672. After leaving college to become a captain in the army, and writing controversial political pamphlets for the Whigs (or liberals), he began, in 1709, publishing *The Tatler*, a periodical or news sheet appearing

three times weekly. Addison contributed frequently to the publication until abruptly Steele ceased its publication in 1711. When two months later Addison began writing *The Spectator*, which was published each day, Steele, in turn, wrote many articles for this new venture. He held various political posts, was a Member of Parliament, managed Drury Lane Theatre, and was always writing controversial pamphlets, which at one time caused him to be ousted from his positions, and which finally caused him to differ with his lifelong friend and co-worker, Joseph Addison. He was a successful writer of plays, his *The Conscious Lovers*, being one of the most successful sentimental comedies of the century. Always in need of money, Steele suffered ill health during the last years of his life which he spent in retirement in the country. He died in 1729. (See text, pp. 740, 885-887 for many more details.)

Joseph Addison was born in 1672, the son of a clergyman and a scholar. He was educated at Oxford, where his writing attracted the favorable notice of the Whigs. They groomed him for future political usefulness by financing his study on the continent for four years. Upon his return, he held various political positions and was also a Whig Member of Parliament for many years. Likewise, his *Cato* proved him a successful dramatist. After being Chief Secretary for Ireland, he married the Countess of Warwick in 1716 and became Lord Commissioner of Trade, a post which he soon resigned because of ill health. He died in 1719.

A Perry Picture

JOSEPH ADDISON

Save for the Elizabethan dramatists Beaumont and Fletcher, and the modern Gilbert and Sullivan, who combined to write light opera, the happy combination of personalities and backgrounds of Steele and Addison stands unique.

Furthermore, the time was ripe to produce the form of writing in which they excelled: the periodical essay, or an essay which, like a newspaper or magazine, appears at regular intervals. When coffee was introduced into England in 1652, coffee-houses were opened in London. While the court society continued their elegant intrigues within their select circles, the more solid merchant-class of men gathered at the coffee-houses for their recreation. Here, conversation grew into a high art, and, as only good talk can do, such conversing taught

them to think seriously and intently upon many subjects. The conversation at one house became famous for its discussion of trade and commerce; at another politics was discussed; at another literature and the arts; at another local gossip. Here the same seriousness which had made their fathers Puritans, characterized their self-education in the realm of books and in practical current events. While they knew books and the learning of the past, they held such knowledge to be useful only so far as it improved the present moment. How to improve daily life was their great concern. And in interchanging ideas, in learning the thrill of winning others to one's way of thinking by logic and debate, the newly emerging class of Englishmen learned the virtues of tolerance, kindness, and understanding, all marks of this new type of educated gentlemen. Thus "consideration for others became the fashion, and . . . courtesy came to be regarded as a part of civilization."

Good talk was the life of the coffee-houses, but it was not until this stimulating conversation was given artistic form, as well as permanence in print, that the coffee-houses attained their unparalleled influence on English life. It was this high function which was first conceived and attained by Richard Steele in *The Tatler*.

Since 1695, when the licensing of all periodical and occasional publications had been suspended, innumerable newspapers, many in the form of dialogue, as well as pamphlets, poems, bits of gossip, and other miscellanies, had been published freely. These were bought regularly by the coffee-houses for the reading pleasure of their customers, much as our barber shops and beauty parlors do today. It took the ingenious Steele to combine these elements into a new form, partly news, partly cultural interest, and partly gossip. Thus the periodical essay was born when Steele's first issue of *The Tatler* appeared in 1709.

This publication always honored its editorial policy of exalting "truth, honor, and virtue" as the chief ornaments of life. But *The Tatler* did far more than point out the value of such morals. Through Steele's ingenious wit and warming insight, and Addison's cultivated mind and perfect grace, the periodical became an amazingly accurate record of how the people of eighteenth-century London thought and talked, just as Hogarth's brilliant caricatures and sketches tell us how Londoners appeared at that time. Never had English prose been so colloquial, so nearly a transcription of actual conversation, so fluid and flexible an instrument.

Steele invented the character of Isaac Bickerstaff, borrowing the name from his friend Swift. Isaac was supposed to report happenings and conversations of interest at the various coffee-houses; also, there was included a section "From My Apartment," which became increasingly popular, at the expense of other sections. The publication scrupulously avoided controversial subjects, such as religious and political doctrine and misdeeds of prominent contemporaries. Instead, it talked of the foibles of all peoples: the evils of duelling, gambling,

swindling, infidelity, pride in dress or station, pettiness of mind and manner, and the pedantic use of learning for its own sake. There were character sketches (some of them satirical and pointed at actual persons), dialogues, allegories, short tales, and letters, illuminated by the editor's comment. Each essay was prefaced by a pointed saying from one of the classical writers.

Our text contains three selections from *The Tatler*. "On Ladies' Dress" (text, page 887) by Steele, reveals his tender affection for womankind, and a true appreciation of her beauty. It also pokes fun at her for her undue concern for clothes and the fashions of personal adornment—all in a manner which has bite beneath, and yet, then as now, contains so much truth, that his feminine readers could not find it in their hearts to be angry with him. "Tom Folio" (text, page 889) was written by Addison, a fact at once apparent by the beautifully smooth, controlled style, which was lacking in Steele. Here, he tellingly points out the pedantry of "all men of deep learning without common sense." In "Recollection of Sorrow" (text, page 891), Steele again shows his warmth of understanding for human suffering as he recalls the past, particularly the death of his father, which is told with delicacy and pathos. Here Steele is completely at one with his audience. Not so much does he create sentiments as does he recall his own emotions, vividly and effectively. Herein is the understanding for mankind's suffering and pains which has endeared Steele to his readers.

The Spectator, which was published daily for 555 days, had a more select purpose than had its predecessor, as announced in the tenth number by Addison:

> I shall endeavor to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality. To the end that [my readers'] virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermittent starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. . . . I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

This publication was concerned only with morals and manners. Since it appeared each day, and had no such competitors as radio and movies, the daily literary essay became familiar and intimate to more than sixty thousand readers in the London area; thus its message penetrated each day to the heart of the people. While the pettiness of society was a constant subject, so were advice to lovers, pleasure of the imagination, anecdotes, the behavior of theater audiences, literature, poetry, religion, philosophy, foolishness of social rules, London sights and moods, a definition of true and false wit. Here again, we find a spontaneous sympathy for the people despite their weaknesses, but here predominantly is the fluent, charming style of Addison's carefully controlled pen.

In No. 1, Addison introduces himself to the reader (text, page 893), and his style as well. If ever thought and word were superbly wedded into one, it is here. Steele

introduces us in No. 2 to Sir Roger de Coverley (text, page 895), the weak, proud, careless, entirely human center of the famous Spectator Club; other members of the club are sketched as well. In "Westminster Abbey" (text, page 898), Addison catches the somberness both of death and of this burial place for the illustrious dead; in "Party Patches" (text, page 899), he taunts woman for her petty personal vanity and shallowness of mind. "A Country Sunday" (text, page 901) and "Sir Roger at the Assizes" (text, page 903) give us intimate pictures of life in the country.

His criticism of *Paradise Lost* is important, not only as criticism, but also as witness of Addison's ability to free himself from the conventional, petty literature which was in his time overwhelmingly popular, and value unpopular Milton for his epic grandeur and enduring worth. "A Young Lady's Diary" (text, page 907) might well tell us more about ourselves than we care to admit. Basically it is a plea to replace the tedious, but falsely sufficient pastimes of life, with the more weighty, tangible affairs of reality.

It is difficult to compare Addison and Steele, and foolish to say which is greater. It is the combination of the two which is memorable; together they made a nearly perfect oneness. Irishman "Dick" Steele had an impulsive, affectionate warmth for humanity; he was at his happiest in a jolly crowd, was careless in his writing as in his finances, and loved his independence, politically as in every other way. Joseph Addison was speechless before strangers, although among friends, according to Alexander Pope, Addison "had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man." Always he was the scholar, modest and retiring, intellectual rather than emotional, formal, yet with an ordered charm and grace which shows Neo-Classical restraint at its best. His literary prose style is one of the best in the language. In the words of Samuel Johnson, one of our greatest critics:

> His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. . . . What he attempted, he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. . . . Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Each believed in condemning Restoration morals and in establishing among Englishmen moral honesty and virtue, industry and solidarity, and a home where children are to be desired and the single standard of morality reigns supreme. But, whereas Steele was always true to his innermost convictions before he conformed to party or society, Addison considered such rampant individualism unwise and untactful; he himself hewed closely to the party line, and, in contrast to Steele, reaped his material rewards.

Thus each has his virtues and weaknesses; while Addison excelled in literary charm and style, Steele possessed a greater insight into hu-

manity, and was always the originator. What he began, Addison perfected, and in their supplementation of each other, they achieved greatness.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why did Addison and Steele find it needful to "make morality fashionable"?
2. How did Addison and Steele influence polite England to raise its moral standards?
3. Compare this state of moral decadence of the Restoration Age with conditions of our own day. What concerted action for improvement do you think might be effective?
4. What is a "periodical essay?"
5. What was the subject matter of *The Tatler and The Spectator?* Why was politics omitted?
6. Discuss the personality of Steele and the style of Addison as contributions to the periodical essay and to English literature.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part I—The Lesson of History

Lesson 3—Evil Forces in the World

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text: *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 6 and 7.)

For Tuesday, January 23, 1951

Objective: To depict how Satan, perpetual opponent of the plan of salvation, induced early man to forsake his divine form of government and introduced a rule of force and oppression.

The Rebellion of Lucifer

FROM what is written in the Book of Moses and in the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price, we are taught that not only did men have their agency in the world of spirits, but they were of varying degrees of intelligence and faithfulness. It appears that they were, to some extent, possessed of the characteristics which we see manifest among the children of men on the earth. Lucifer, at least, possessed the spirit of selfishness and ambition for power. (See Isaiah 14:12-18.)

With his influence Lucifer prevailed upon one third of the spirits to support his contention. The fact that they supported him, notwithstanding they were in the presence of God, and had been granted all the privileges and blessings that were granted to the rest of the spirits, for there could have been no discrimination or respecting of persons, would lead us to the conclusion that there were influences and desires at work in opposition to principles of righteousness. There men followed their inclinations, and, at times, these inclinations did not lead to the establishment of peace and happiness. It is plain to see that, since these spirits walked by sight and were in a position to be taught by direct contact with the Father and his faithful servants, when they rebelled against the constituted authority they did so fully knowing the consequences of their evil actions. These spirits kept not their first estate and with full understanding of the consequences, they became sons of perdition.

Lucifer's Warfare Continued on the Earth

The warfare which was waged in the spirit world against authorized and rightful government was continued almost as soon as man was placed upon this earth. In the world of spirits the Savior said: "And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them" (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 3:25). Man, then, is on this earth for the purpose of being proved, to see if he will be faithful in all things, and thus entitled to have glory added upon his head forever and ever, or to see if he will fall short and receive a lesser reward according to his individual works, based on his free agency. For this purpose of proving him, the Lord permitted the rebellious Lucifer and his host of spirit followers to come to the earth where they tempt man and do all in their power to lead him astray and into forbidden paths. On the other hand, there is the persuading influence of the Spirit of the Lord, or light of Christ, which has been given to every man born into this world (See D. & C. 84: 46-48), and which will lead each soul to the fulness of the gospel, if its teachings and directing influences are obeyed. Lehi, in his instructions to his son, has very truthfully and positively declared that in this mortal life, in order to bring to pass the eternal purposes of God in relation to man, it is necessary that there be opposition in all things; the forbidden fruit in opposition to the tree of life, evil in opposition to good, pain and suffering in opposition to peace and happiness. Yet, through it all, man has been given every opportunity to follow the right and know the will of the Lord in his behalf.

They Loved Satan More Than God

When Satan came among the children of Adam and told them to reject the teachings of Adam, they hearkened to his teachings and rejected the word of the Lord. The record says that "they believed it not, and they loved Satan more than God. And men began from that time forth to be carnal, sensual and devilish" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 5:13).

We believe that very few of the children of Adam, and very few of the children of their children, hearkened to his teachings. It appears that the great majority, even from the beginning, turned away from the rightful government established by the Almighty through Adam, which was based upon divine authority and revelation. As men began to multiply and scatter over the face of the earth, they took the attitude expressed by Cain: "Who is the Lord, that I should know him?" (Moses 5:16).

In this spirit men organized themselves into their own political governments. They carried with them, nevertheless, many of the traditions and teachings (but in a corrupted form), which had been given by divine revelation. As wickedness increased, these divine teachings given to Adam were bound to be corrupted and changed as rebellion and wickedness were able to pervert them. As men spread over the face of the earth and established govern-

ments of their own construction, eventually the worship of the true and living God was replaced by other worship, and divinely revealed principles were changed and replaced by the ideas and traditions of men. In this way political kingdoms came into existence—nourished and built upon rebellion against the established government of God first given to man.

The history of the antediluvian times is so meager that we are not informed as to the nature of the governments which were first established following the apostasy which set in almost at the beginning. Cain married his brother's daughter, and they "loved Satan more than God" (Moses 5:28), and with others he went to the land of Nod, east of Eden, and there he and his followers established themselves. We have learned also that, in course of time, the people of Cain became very numerous. Other nations also were formed among the descendants of Adam who did not follow Cain, and these, in the main, reveled in their wickedness. There were the peoples of Shum, Canaan, Enoch, Heni, Omar, Shem, Haner, and Hannaiah, and perhaps a great many more.

Rebellion, Wars, and Bloodshed

Enoch was called by divine appointment to be a missionary among the peoples of the earth and the Lord said unto him:

> Enoch, my son, prophesy unto this people, and say unto them—Repent, for thus saith the Lord: I am angry with this people, and my fierce anger is kindled against them; for their hearts have waxed hard, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes cannot see afar off;
>
> And for these many generations, ever since the day that I created them, have they gone astray, and have denied me, and have sought their own counsels in the dark; and in their own abominations have they devised murder, and have not kept the commandments, which I gave unto their father, Adam (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:27-28).

In obedience to this charge, Enoch went forth among the people, except the people of Canaan, who were descendants of Cain. The descendants of Cain were black and were despised among all other people. As Enoch went forth he stood upon the hills and the high places and cried unto the people, and they were offended at him because of the things he taught. Nevertheless they were afraid of him because of the great power of his words which caused the earth to tremble, and even mountains fled at his command, but this did not bring the people to repentance.

> And from that time forth there were wars and bloodshed among them; but the Lord came and dwelt with his people, and they dwelt in righteousness.
>
> The fear of the Lord was upon all nations, so great was the glory of the Lord, which was upon his people . . . . (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:16-17).

The Power of Satan on the Earth

Enoch and his city were not to remain amid the wickedness of the inhabitants of the earth. Because of their faithfulness the Lord said to Enoch:

> Zion have I blessed, but the residue of the people have I cursed.
>
> And it came to pass that the Lord showed unto Enoch all the inhabitants of the earth; and he beheld, and lo, Zion, in process of time, was taken up into heaven. And the Lord said unto

Enoch: Behold mine abode forever.

And Enoch also beheld the residue of the people which were the sons of Adam; and they were a mixture of all the seed of Adam save it were the seed of Cain, for the seed of Cain were black, and had not place among them.

And after that Zion was taken up into heaven, Enoch beheld, and lo, all the nations of the earth were before him;

And there came generation upon generation; and Enoch was high and lifted up, even in the bosom of the Father, and of the Son of Man; and behold, the power of Satan was upon all the face of the earth (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:20-24).

While Enoch was lifted up, he beheld Satan upon the earth, and he had a great chain in his hand, and it veiled the whole face of the earth with darkness. This darkness was caused by the wickedness of the people and their willingness to serve the prince of darkness, who looked upon his work and laughed, and his angels rejoiced. However, out of this veil of darkness there came some who refused to submit to Satan's rule and out of heaven angels descended to these, bearing testimony of the Father and Son; and the Holy Ghost fell on many, "and they were caught up by the powers of heaven into Zion" (Moses 7:27). In this way the Lord blessed the obedient and humble, and they were privileged to join the translated city, being caught up unto that city from the veil of Satan's darkness. The few righteous who remained, tarried because they had a mission to perform, which mission was to preach to those in darkness and to hold authority in the earth in the name of Jehovah, and to perpetuate the race after the destruction of the ungodly should come through the flood.

A Time of Great Wickedness

We read further that the Lord of heaven looked upon the residue of the people after he had taken away those who were willing to serve him, and he wept. And Enoch said, "How is it that thou canst weep, seeing thou art holy, and from all eternity to all eternity?" (Moses 7:29). The Lord answered him, saying:

Behold these thy brethren; they are the workmanship of mine own hands, and I gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency; And unto thy brethren have I said, and also given commandment, that they should love one another, and that they should choose me, their Father; but behold, they are without affection, and they hate their own blood; And the fire of mine indignation is kindled against them; and in my hot displeasure will I send in the floods upon them, for my fierce anger is kindled against them. Behold, I am God; Man of Holiness is my name; Man of Counsel is my name; and Endless and Eternal is my name, also. Wherefore, I can stretch forth mine hands and hold all the creations which I have made; and mine eye can pierce them also, and among all the workmanship of mine hands there has not been so great wickedness as among thy brethren (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:32-36).

Not only was man corrupt, but the same was true of all flesh, so that the Lord declared:

The earth was corrupt before God, and it was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and behold, it was corrupt, for all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah: The end of all flesh is come before me, for the earth is filled with vio-

lence, and behold I will destroy all flesh from off the earth (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 8:28-30).

In this early day, the governments of men had failed. They had corrupted themselves through rebellion and sin so that the only remedy was for a cleansing of the earth by a baptism of water.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Show that in the spirit world conditions of advancement among the spirits were seemingly as varied as we find them here.

2. In what ways was the plan of Lucifer contrary to the will of God?

3. What was he seeking to accomplish? What are he and his minions seeking to accomplish in their warfare against mankind on earth?

4. What degrees of success did they obtain in the early generations of earth history? Cite examples to justify your conclusion.

5. Compare conditions prior to the flood with world conditions today. Would the Lord's condemnation of the antediluvians apply to those living now?

6. Trace step by step the downfall of the race from the rebellion of the sons of Adam against God and righteous principles down to destructions of the wicked by the waters of the flood.

7. By contrasting conditions in the city of Zion with those among the followers of iniquity, discuss the conclusion: "In this early day, the governments of men had failed."

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department at Union Meeting)

Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.

Lesson 4—The Accompanist, Her Responsibility, Efficiency, and Art

Florence J. Madsen

Objective: To help the accompanist realize her opportunities and responsibilities in selecting and playing appropriate prelude music and of providing accurate and supportive accompaniments.

1. *The Techniques of Playing and Accompanying*

The accompanist is a very important person in all musical organizations; her responsibilities and duties are many:

(a) She should be able to play the accompaniments well, and, at the same time, give help to the singers, if needed.

(b) She should practice to read music readily and accurately. The conductor, whose baton speaks through silence, can make a mistake without much annoyance, but the mistakes of the accompanist speak loudly and disturbingly.

(c) She should have a strong sense of rhythm and tempo.

(d) She should know keys, tone quality, and balance.

(e) She should learn to conduct, that she might better understand the needs of the conductor.

(f) The accompanist is also a soloist. She introduces the hymn by playing it, or a part of it. In choral numbers, she plays the introduction, interludes, and postludes, as solos. They should be a part of

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the song in tempo, mood, and style.

(g) The accompanist should follow the singers in all variations of tempo, volume, mood, and phrasing.

(h) She should try to transpose easy hymns to a key above or below the printed copy. First, she should transpose parts separately, then add the other parts, one by one. This is excellent training for the accompanist, and is often needed.

2. *Prelude Music*

(a) Prelude music is played for the purpose of generating a spirit of reverence and love, and not for drowning out conversation and noise. The composition should not be a display of volume, speed or technique.

Choose numbers that are subdued and quiet, that will remind the audience that "Silence is golden" and that "He who listens, learns." If a song-tune is used, it should be sacred in its nature, such as: "If With All Your Hearts," or "O Rest in the Lord," or solos from the oratorio, *Elijah*, by Mendelssohn.

(b) Bring to the music department compositions suitable for preludes. Play a few of these, or parts of them, for one another. This will acquaint the group with other compositions.

(c) Discuss the appropriateness of these selections. Make sure they are not connected with secular thought.

(d) Use a hymn occasionally.

(e) Make use of the organ music from books in your ward music library, or write to the General Music Committee, 200 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, for a copy of the handbook, *Some General Recommendations Concerning Music in the Church*, which may be obtained free of charge.

(f) Study how to consistently shorten a composition that is too long.

3. *Tempos and Dynamics*

(a) Read chapters 2 and 3 in the textbook.

(b) Study tempos and dynamics in music dictionaries and in regular unabridged dictionaries.

(c) Learn to spell, pronounce, and define the words signifying the more commonly used tempi (tempos) and dynamics, as:

(1) *Tempos*: Moderato, Allegretto, Allegro, Andante, Andantino, Lento Adagio, Largo, Adagietto, Larghetto.

(2) *Dynamics*: Piano (p), Pianissimo (pp), Forte (f), Fortissimo (ff), Sforzando, decrescendo, diminuendo, crescendo, dolce, morendo.

Tempo is the speed at which the rhythm moves. *Dynamics* refers to variation in volume. These are indicated in words and signs. See "Signs and Abreviations," in Elson's *Music Dictionary*, and "Arbitrary Signs and Symbols," in Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary*, under *Music*.

(d) When indicating tempos and dynamics, the left hand, known as the "musician" in conducting, is brought into use to help the right hand effect delicate gradations of expression, essential to artistic interpretation. See pp. 30 and 31 in the textbook.

4. *Application of Techniques in Rehearsals*

These techniques should be thoroughly learned by the accompanist and the conductor and applied to the hymns chosen for the two practice periods each month.

These practices are of vital importance to the entire Relief Society. They should be planned, prepared, and conducted regularly and efficiently.

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Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Outline the essentials of good accompanying.
2. What should govern the choice and performance of prelude music?
3. Of what importance are tempos and dynamics in music?

Autumn Day

Christie Lund Coles

Upon the mountainside once more
The autumn's needle point is laid,
Again in muted melody
The summer's elegy is played.

The bronze and wine chrysanthemums
Stand undefeated by the frost,
The plum and apple grow more sweet
Within this sudden holocaust;

Their lifted branches shall, in time,
Have lovelier blossoms, stronger root.
I, too, would face the darkening hours
And bring my life to fruit.

Katydids

Evelyn Fjeldsted

Wearing uniforms of green,
They wait behind the drooping leaves,
The curtain of their theatre.
The moon through scintillation weaves
A chain of footlights for the scene,
And peacefully, while shadows rise,
Their haunting rhythmic musicale
Begins, and long they improvise.

A wave of frost, and katydids
Are gone—one alone remains.
The show must still go on. His song
Blends listlessly with chilling rains,
The loyal trooper of the night
Mournfully accepts his plight.

Storm Warning

Virginia Ellis Newman

White frost on roof and grass;
Ice on the kitten's plate;
Hurry the harvest in,
For the months of the year grow late!

Gather the autumn's wealth;
Leave not one shock of grain
To waste in the wintry wind,
Or fall under leaden rain.

Fasten the storm sash tight;
Lay mats for the muddy feet.
Smell of frost is in the air—
You can almost feel the sleet.

Oh, hasten neglected tasks,
For the months and the years grow late;
When the autumn of life draws near
Winter can hardly wait!

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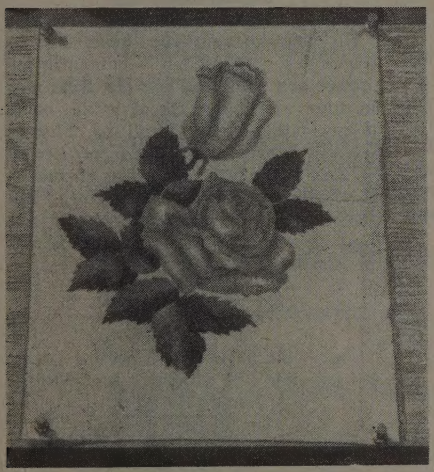

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From Near and Far

My ten-year-old daughter often curls up with a stack of back issues of *The Relief Society Magazine*, which she reads voraciously. Each time it arrives the *Magazine* is passed from one to the other of the family members and comes through the ordeal intact as to cover and contents. Numerous friends and acquaintances have called and friends and strangers have written concerning the two stories ("The Thickness of Water," April 1950, and "Through Thick and Thin," July 1950) which I have had in the *Magazine*.

—Nellie Iverson Cox,
St. George, Utah

With reference to the article "Mission to Moapa" (by Caroline Eyring Miner, July 1950), I wish to mention my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gentry who lived at St. Thomas—where the Muddy and Virgin Valleys meet. Their home was always open to all who passed, with or without money. He was bishop and she was president of the Relief Society. It was at St. Thomas that I first met Mormon people, living, as I thought then and now, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Bunkers (Edward and his son John M.), George Burton Whitney and his wife Lovina Syphus, the Perkins family, Mrs. Stewart, and many others I remember as reclaiming a wasted and unused land that now is producing food and shelter for a thrifty population.

—Harrison Anderson,
Altadena, California

I have waited patiently for my July *Magazine* to come to get a glimpse of the lessons that would be outlined for the coming year at our work meetings. As I opened my *Magazine* and saw that Christine H. Robinson would be the author of these lessons, I just can't tell you how thrilled I was. I have worked as stake sewing leader in North Sanpete Stake for two years and like my work very much. . . . but I especially need to know about color and room balance.

—Mrs. Levern Jensen,
Fairview, Utah

For many years the poetry of my great-aunt Lula Greene Richards appeared in the Church publications. She inspired me to hope that some day I might see my name there, affixed to some composition which you deemed worthy of acceptance. I am enclosing for your consideration "Storm Warning."

—Virginia Ellis Newman
Salt Lake City, Utah

The poem "Storm Warning" appears on page 719 of this issue of the *Magazine*.—Ed.

In regard to "Centennials of 1950" (editorial in the August issue), my grandfather Simeon A. Dunn went on a mission to Tahiti in 1850 with James S. Brown, arriving there May 24th. They signed an affidavit on the 8th of November, 1850, that they would be no expense to the French government and would be self-supporting missionaries.

—Effie E. Merrill
Logan, Utah

On page 530 of *The Relief Society Magazine* for August (in "Centennials for 1950") you name the first Hawaiian missionaries, and among them is the name of my father, but instead of *Thomas Keeler*, the name should be *James Keeler*. He had a family of twenty-six members, and I am now the only one living. I am nearly eighty-five years old, but did not think it wise to go back to the Islands this summer to the Centennial.

—Alice Keeler Hatch,
Manti, Utah

This is the finest little *Magazine* I take, and I wouldn't be without it for anything.

—Alvaretta Hastings,
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Thank you for reminding me to renew my subscription. I would surely hate to miss even one number of the *Magazine*. My husband enjoys it and reads it as much as I do.

—Mrs. Evelyn L. Winward
Dayton, Idaho

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